

THE AMERICAN

Legion

MAY, 1946

MAGAZINE

ÓBRIAN



LET'S SPEAK UP!

BY WILLIAM BENTON

I PICK JOE LOUIS

BY JIMMY POWERS

MORE POWER— MORE GAS MILES



Here's what HAVOLINE now gives you

- 1 MORE POWER — With clogging carbon and sludge removed, every part works more efficiently.
- 2 MORE GAS MILES — A clean motor can do its job more easily, so it uses less fuel.
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Tune in... TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the new Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night. See newspapers for time and station.

OLD CY

EVERYONE in the 25th Division had Lt. Col. Cyrus Drew down as a slavedriver. "Old Cy," as the men called him behind his back, rode us from morning 'til night for eight whole months before we hit Luzon. Being seasoned veterans of Guadalcanal and Vella Lavella, the men were disgusted with the "chicken."

Old Cy made us go on long hikes and run problem after problem using live ammunition. He made us construct the strongest of pillboxes, and the very next day organized us in combat teams to destroy them with bazookas and grenades. We went about our duties destroying positions like a well trained football team running signals. But Old Cy was never satisfied. Each night he called us officers together to bawl us out. He made us drive our men until many of them fainted from heat exhaustion. We didn't see any use in wearing ourselves and our men out before the actual fight. So mad were some of the men that they vowed to shoot him in combat at the first opportunity.

On January 11, 1945, we landed on Luzon. We shot several Japs but no one ever got around to shooting Cy. On February 2nd the 35th Infantry attacked the town of Lupao. It was full of tanks and automatic weapons, so it took us a week to clean it out. That was when the long weeks of Old Cy's training panned out. The tanks were dug in so that only the turret and gun muzzle stuck out. We finally went in as bazooka teams and destroyed them, using Cy's tactics of combat. We had practiced together so long that even though we were scared to death and confused, each did his part as rehearsed.

Still there were casualties. On February 6th we made a big push destroying several tanks but the ground was covered with our boys dead and dying. One Jap tank zeroed in on an open place where several of our wounded were lying and every time we went after them the Japs would open up. Suddenly Cy was out there directing fire and carrying the wounded out. It was not the first time he had exposed himself.

That night as we were carrying the dead to the rear I saw Cy walk among the dead, pausing to look at each one. He walked over to a log and sat down. His shoulders drooped. Then I heard a strange sound. He was crying. Old, hard, rough-spoken Cy was crying as only a strong, proud man can cry. There is no sound so pathetic as that. I walked away.

The next day a shell blew off my left hand and I was evacuated to the States. I don't know whether Cy survived the Luzon campaign or not, but I hope he did and I'd like to see him. I want to shake his hand with my good one and say:

"Cy, you are the best damn C.O. a guy ever had."—By Josh M. Drake Jr.

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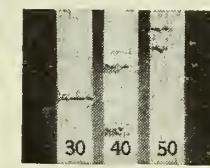
Remington

DUPONT

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Express, Kleanbore and Wetproof are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Company, Inc.

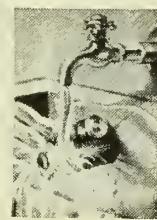
WHETHER you hunt pheasants, ducks, geese or other game that's hard to drop . . . or shot at long ranges . . . you'll find that Remington Express shotgun shells



Tests prove penetration in 7/8" planks at 30, 40, 50 yds. with #4 shot.

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Exclusive Wetproof process prevents malfunction of shells soaked in water.





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GRAND-DAD**
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

VOL. 40

THE AMERICAN

Legion

NOVEMBER, 1946

MAGAZINE

NO. 11

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1946 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

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VETERANS WITH IDEAS

Hammering Out Success

NEWCOMERS among Connecticut's industrialists are the Flanagan Brothers, Jim and Tom, who are hammering out a career for themselves in copper. The two Hartford boys, whose Blue Hills Crafts started from scratch on V-J Day, now employ six other veterans and are doing a business of more than \$1000 weekly.

Jim Flanagan, an AAF veteran, started the business in the family cellar and was joined a few months later by Tom, former Maritime Service officer. The only craft knowledge they had was what they had picked up in high school. Their copper tableware found a ready market in Hartford's largest store and a New York agent arranged to distribute it in other cities and abroad.

From the cellar factory the business has expanded to a 3600-square-foot plant. The vets turn out by hand 34 styles of copper bowls, trays and coasters, besides costume tableware. As a recent development, the Flanagans have organized the Jay-Tee Company and Birchwood Crafts to manufacture cheaper metalware by hand and machinery. Outside investors offered to put \$25,000 into these ventures but the brothers insist on being sole owners of the three firms.—By Sando Bologna

Orchids to America

TWO ex-service pilots, a bright idea and a GI loan are involved in an international operation with a flowery future.

The fliers, Charles P. Moran, Jr., ex-Army, and Donald Carmichael, ex-Navy, came up with the idea: "Let's sell exotic Colombian orchids to the guy with a date in Yonkers."

Fresh out of uniform after V-J Day, the two had little business experience but they knew enough not to ask for a loan until they queried many leading wholesale florists on the East Coast. Then they flew to Medellin, Colombia's orchid center, found growers eager for U.S. business, and an airline with low freight rates. Then they talked to the president of the Second National Bank in Washington, D. C., their home.

Soon afterwards, their first plane-load of blossoms, packed in sealed, water-filled glass tubes, glided into La Guardia Field. This winter they expect to ship 20,000 orchids weekly to big East Coast cities, and supply tropical fruits, leather goods and hand-carved mahogany between orchid seasons.

Recently Moran, a member of the Thad Dulin Post of the American Legion in Washington, visited home and told reporters he "didn't know enough yet" to give advice to veterans new in business.—By Edwin D. Neff

The American Legion Magazine will consider for publication stories telling how enterprising veterans are getting ahead in their own businesses. For acceptable items of this type \$25 will be paid. Length should be 200 words or less.





Just look at that reaction—
to the attraction of P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal— means Prince Albert

Women love the looks of a pipe in a man's mouth. They call it "impressive" . . . "smooth." Like crisp linen, fine leather, good tweeds, a pipe is smart, manly, and . . . so comfortable!

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- Insure your PIPE APPEAL by loading that pipe with PRINCE ALBERT. Its fine fragrance makes your pipe smell as good to her as it looks. And your tongue will say "thanks!" for P.A.'s wonderful mildness. The real flavor of fine tobacco—and so gentle to your tongue.

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GENTLE TO MY
TONGUE—NO
OTHER TOBACCO
LIKE IT!



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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Private "Colonel" Jones

WE can think of no writer better qualified to describe doings of the national scene for Legionnaires than Richard (Dick) Seelye Jones, whose article *Mr. Chief Justice* appears on page 16 of this issue. Dick Jones was a delegate to the Paris Caucus where the Legion was formed in 1919. He has been active in Legion affairs ever since, and during the early days of WWII he was the organization's Washington publicity representative. He has written the *Capital Comment* column for *The National Legionnaire* for several years and has been a fairly regular contributor to the pages of this magazine.

He tells us that he served as a private and later as a regimental sergeant major in WWI, with the result that he is now called "Colonel."

Plantation Report

Archibald Rutledge (*Bucks I Have Known*, page 28) lives on a South Carolina plantation which has been with his people since 1686. Known to his intimates as Old Flintlock, Rutledge is one of the most prolific writers of outdoor articles in the country. He spends most of his time hunting, collecting Indian arrowheads and turning out the type of prose which makes his articles so well liked by sportsmen in all parts of the world.

His three sons served in WWII.

Going Into Business?

We've just received a copy of a book entitled *A Business of My Own*, which we feel is must reading for any veteran who has decided to go into business for himself. Written by Arthur E. Morgan, former chairman of the TVA, it is the result of five years of extensive travel and investigation by the author. The book gives straight dope, with no punches

pulled, and covers such widely divergent occupations as The Community Contractor; Care and Training of Old People; Farming; Editing and Publishing a Newspaper; Shoe Repairing, and almost 100 other business classifications. The book is published in a modest edition, costs only one dollar, and is worth many times the purchase price to any would-be businessman.

Potpourri

WE HAVE JUST received a letter from Russell Collins (Play by Play, page 24) which apparently was intended to convince us that our editorial offices should be moved from New York City to Cape Cod. Collins, an ex-newspaperman turned free-lance writer, exists in Springfield, Mass., during the winter months, and on Cape Cod for as many of the spring, summer and fall months as his checkbook will allow.

CLARENCE WOODBURY (Time to Balance Your Books, page 18) served in Europe in WWI, took a shot at newspaper reporting in the early 1920's, and has been writing for magazines for the past 20 years. During WWII he was a war correspondent for *The American Magazine*, was aboard a lone cargo ship attacked by a German U-Boat in the Atlantic, and flew over Omaha Beach on a bombing mission just 15 minutes before our first assault troops landed on Normandy.

ON PAGE 36 of this issue you'll find the first in an entirely new series of cartoons which we call Impulses (with emphasis on the IMP). Michael Ponce de Leon, creator of Impulses, is a direct descendant of the discoverer of Florida. The idea for Impulses came to him in the army when he tried to express the conflict between his regimented service life and his inner desires. We think you'll like Impulses, as we did.

AND DON'T FORGET to turn to page 22 for Fibber McGee's *The Big War and Me*.



Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords



The Clyde

Style 805

Plump Arctic Vest
Full Leather Lined
Hand Sewn Vamp
Stout Leather Sole

Quality
Beyond the
Call of Duty

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NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • Manufacturers • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.



This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Sir: I agree wholeheartedly with Sgt. Bressi in his comment in the August *Sound Off!* that experienced men should take another crack at the service. I was taken prisoner by the Japanese on Guam, December 10, 1941, so I know too. I have taken another crack at it, re-enlisting in the Marine Corps June 5, 1946. I too believe that we should have a large standing Army and Navy, at least until voluntary enlistments fill the quota of needed men. Having been a prisoner for 45 months I'd sure hate like the devil to get caught short again.

Sgt. PAUL J. MELETIS

San Francisco

WHITE HOUSE MAGIC

Sir: I have just been reading where our President wants to absorb 50,000 refugees in the United States. I also have been reading for the past year that we don't have homes to offer returning GI's. Please have some magician explain how this can be done—provide homes for 50,000 refugees, build race-tracks and movies, and also build homes for our deserving GI's.

H. L. T.

Philadelphia

RECKLESS RAY HOLLAND

Sir: I was very much surprised to read in "Gamebird Jitters" in your September issue that Ray Holland confesses to having loaded a friend's gun, all the while letting him think the gun was empty. It might have been a good trick to use to teach his friend how to shoot without flinching—but it might have resulted in the friend standing over Ray's dead body repeating over and over again, "I didn't know it was loaded," with the sheriff smiling sardonically and muttering "Tell it to the jury."

R. J. H.

Thermopolis, Wyoming

COSTLY REVISION

Sir: We, the undersigned veterans, wish to protest the hasty and ill-advised revision of the apprenticeship-training program, which has deprived us of one-third of our income. Not only have we depended upon the subsistence allowance to maintain a decent standard of living until we become journeymen, but two of us

have purchased homes on the "promise" of the Government to help make up the difference between the wages of an apprentice and journeyman. These homes will be lost. It has been said that many unqualified veterans have taken advantage of the program. If such is the case, they should be weeded out and excluded individually by rigid supervision and not by a blanket cut. This amounts to an unfair penalizing of the great majority of veterans, who have legitimate apprentice jobs.

ANTHONY COLIN AND FOUR OTHERS
Chicago

KEEP THAT GI CONDITION

Sir: I have read with much interest Lou Little's article in your July issue. It seems to me that a government-fostered project might be launched to make it possible for our veterans to have an opportunity to continue their present physical condition. I do not mean by regimentation, but by a planned program that would give the facilities necessary to continue their condition. Certainly it would be better than WPA or PWA.

HOWARD A. ALLEN

Burlington, Vermont

GREETINGS FROM LONDON

Sir: Permit a British ex-soldier of that now almost forgotten war of 1914-1918, and who has good reason to remember it, to send his greetings to his American colleagues of that war and their sons of this last war of 1939-45. War is always a horrible business, however much those financially interested may try to glamorize it, but it does at least mean comradeship at its very best. For myself, physically handicapped since WWI and now told that "the shadows gather on the horizon," there is much comfort in the thoughts of the very real pals of buddies and the memory is very pleasant indeed. Today, when all that is permitted is reading, smoking (restricted on war pension limitations) and a good cup of tea or coffee, it is good to read *The American Legion Magazine*.

zine sent to me by kindly U.S. friends, for I feel that in truth the hope of the future lies in the hearts of men of good will. Salutations from a Limey soldier to his GI colleagues.

ERNEST GRAVES

London, England

PRO AND CON

Sir: A letter like the one signed by William C. Chick concerning our emblem, in the August issue, just simply burns me up. Maybe he would also like to rewrite the Preamble to the Constitution while he is rearranging the Legion setup. Or perhaps he does not approve of the color design we use in displaying the emblem. That emblem has been good enough for the old-timers for many years, and such a letter should get your waste-basket and not a place in the magazine.

C. R. COFFIN

Orlando, Florida

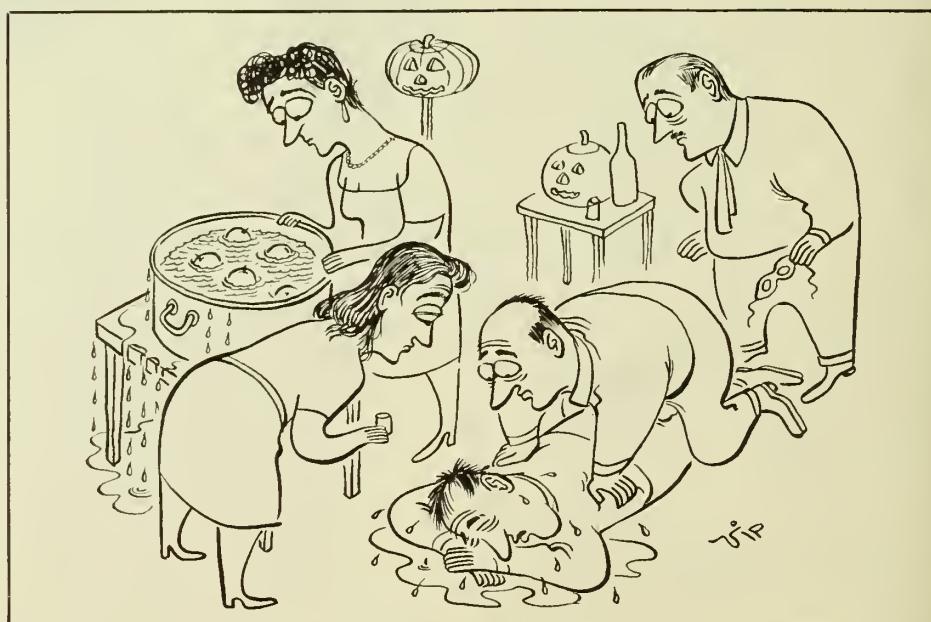
Sir: William C. Chick is correct. The veterans of WW2 should have a membership button signifying that they are members of The American Legion but WW2 members. And why not? It will not be long before we WW1 vets will be wanting to take it easy and let these comrades really go places, which they can do.

RUSSELL J. BISHOP

Rochester, New York

WANTS A RAT HUNT

Sir: Right along I have been of the opinion that we went to war to keep the Christian standard of democracy, decency and fair play. Now that I am a civilian with time to think, here is what I find: This so-called land of democracy has become a rendezvous for foreign rats who stop at nothing in order to obtain their objectives. Unless a Senator or other public servant can be bought he is put on the purge list when election time comes around. If that doesn't work they write a filthy book with intent to smear the individual's private life. If such procedures are permitted to con-



AMERICA'S WORKING WOMAN

WHEN the late General George S. Patton, Jr., set out to celebrate the great Allied victory with the Russians, he took with him Doris Duke, America's tobacco fortune heiress and the world's wealthiest woman. Miss Duke was serving as a correspondent for the International News Service and met Patton while she was awaiting transportation at Linz, Austria. The General invited her to accompany him to Wallsee, Austria, where Marshal Feodor Tolbukhin had his headquarters in a magnificent castle.

The meeting turned out to be a party in the gayest Russian style. Many vodka toasts were rendered and, finally, the gallant Patton arose and presented a Bronze Star Medal to a Russian WAC in recognition of the gallantry displayed by Russian women in the war.

Not to be outdone in gallantry, Tolbukhin made a speech praising American women. Then he whipped one of his own medals off his uniform and pinned it on Doris Duke, the only American woman present. It was, he said, a token of Russia's appreciation of the magnificent sacrifices America's working women had made in the war.—By Robert D. Eckhouse

tinue here, no man with ability, integrity and character will be willing to serve in the future and our buddies will indeed have died in vain. Let's rout these rats out of their holes and show that we have no use for such tactics in the U.S.A.

VETERAN

Mount Vernon

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

Sir: I am a veteran of WW2. I received an honorable discharge and came home to work. But to work in my line now I have to fight for it. I own a truck and am fully capable of driving it myself. The union claims I cannot drive my own truck. Is this America or isn't it? I want to haul new automobiles from Buffalo to New York. I even have my own

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE YOUR OWN SERVICE BUSINESS



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If you wish, you can take on only one or a few of the lines at the start and add more as your business and profits grow. For a detailed, helpful discussion of your own situation, write direct to United Motors Service for a friendly, personal interview with a United Motors distributor.



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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING, DETROIT 2, MICH.

Massagic Air Cushion

- ★ Yields with every step
- ★ Absorbs shocks, jars
- ★ Keeps you foot-fresh



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WEYENBERG MASSAGIC *Air Cushion Shoes*



*He wan't change
fram shaes ta slippers—
because he's enjoying
Massagic Comfort*

trailer. The union says I can't. But I can according to them, put a union driver on it who will cowboy it up and down the road and put me in the hole. I am a union man myself, but they say I can't own and operate. In other words, I must sell out to some fleet owner and drive for him. It's a shame that a union can stop a man from driving his outfit and deprive him of a living.

F. N.

Perry, New York

OF LEGISLATORS AND LABOR

Sir: If the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy got their heads together and tied up our transportation facilities, crippled our industries and distorted our entire economic picture, there would be outraged cries from all quarters: "Revolution! Tyranny! Dictatorship!" Yet three more or less private citizens can do it without qualms. Yes, Lewis, Whitney and Johnson accomplished much the same thing, and nobody seems to give much of a damn about it. The papers have carried the news. A few cartoonists have had a mild Roman holiday over it, but there the protest has stopped. There have been no public demonstrations, no organized effort to force any definite action. Nothing but an appeal, five months overdue, by President Truman.

Go back over the record. President Truman asked for a bill providing a cooling-off period and arbitration in labor disputes. That was about the turn of the year. And there were elections coming up. Votes could be lost if the action taken displeased constituents. However, there must be some valid excuse for such action so the Washington Chairwarmers waxed hot in their oratory over loans to Great Britain, et al. They were on safe ground there. The voters could be hoodwinked into believing that Senator Clapham and Representative Hooten-

holler were safeguarding American Business. Let American Business give you the score: Strike one—Coal. Of course coal isn't important until the lack of it forces us to close factories and conserve light and power. Strike two—Railroads. We've had strikes before and always got over 'em. Two strikes on the Chairwarmers. Let's call the third strike and get 'em out!

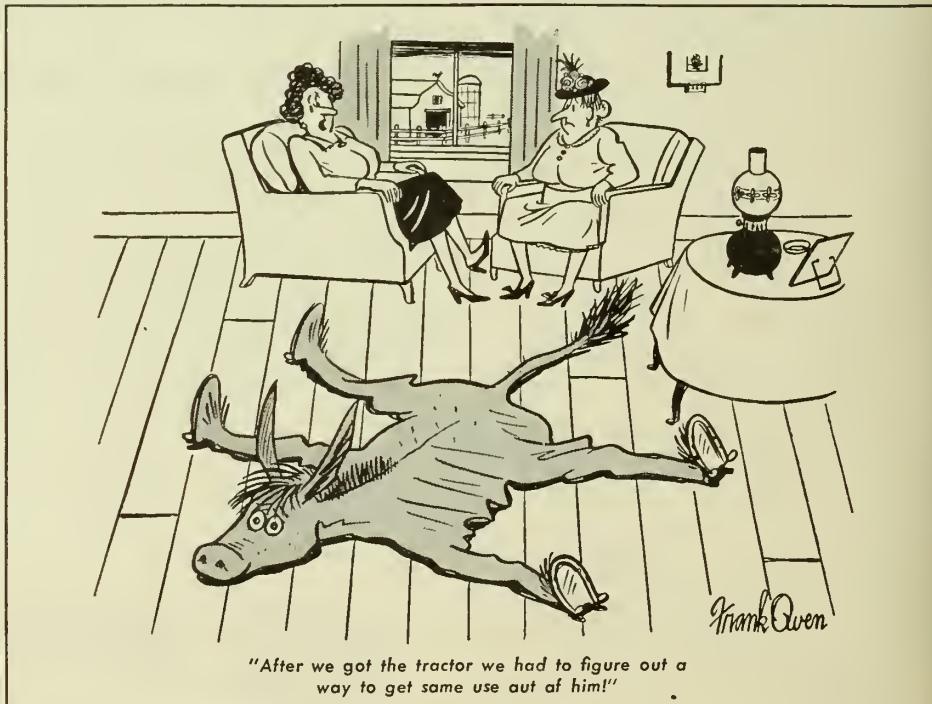
Labor must have its own organization for its own protection. The right of collective bargaining must be preserved. *Collective bargaining*, that is, *not collective racketeering*. Let's take the control of the unions out of the hands of those elements which are subversive to the cause of labor itself. That can be done by drafting legislation which will put union funds on the same level with the funds of any other public corporation. Strip the lush collections to such amounts as are needed to *operate them legitimately*, and the racketeers will soon find other games to play. But this cannot be done as long as the long arm of the labor racketeer can reach a jelly-bellied legislator who is afraid his constituents will misunderstand how he voted. The great American pastime of Write-Your-Congressmen can never convince him that he should think of public welfare first. Not while the racketeers have fat wads of reward money to offer.

ROGER W. CARTER

Fillmore, California

Mr. Carter went on to suggest that veteran's organizations set up a G2, "to keep track of who stands where and who is paying off." A different sort of idea is set forth on page 13 of this issue in the article "Get What You Vote For," by Kent Cooper.

Again we ask contributors to **Sound Off!** to sign names and addresses. Unsigned letters will not be considered for publication, but the names will be withheld if requested.



"After we got the tractor we had to figure out a way to get same use out of him!"

BICYCLE . . . the cardplayer's card

You used Bicycle Cards before you went into uniform—most of the cards purchased by the Government during the war were Bicycle quality—now again you can enjoy Bicycle Cards in civilian life. Everywhere men gather there's a demand for Bicycle—the long-life cards that are life-long favorites.

How pro football got razzle-dazzle



1895 Thrills, action, color! That's what professional football offers you today. Born in 1895, when Corby's was in its 37th year as a famed Canadian name, pro football's first paid player, an experienced quarterback, received \$10 for filling a vacant spot on a Latrobe, Pa., team.



1906 Pioneer pro football teams were active in Ohio 48 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. Pro players later began to open up the game because the mechanical perfection of their play enabled them to bring the forward pass into its own as an attack weapon.



1920 The first big gate for pro football saw 15,000 people at a game in New York. Ex-college stars and famous coaches later began to contribute blinding speed and dynamite action to the pro leagues, as Corby's reached its 62nd year as a grand Canadian whiskey name.



1946 You can see more great stars, more passing, more razzle-dazzle touchdown plays in an afternoon of pro football today than ever before. The game has developed its own big following, and so has Corby's Whiskey. With football, it's thrills, action, color. With Corby's, it's light, sociable flavor that does wonders for your favorite drink. That's why so many people ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Why don't you join them?



CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



The Dead Beat

ARMY deserters know that the moment they turn themselves into any military establishment their period of unauthorized absence terminates. They also realize that the red tape involved in reporting them back to their own unit, via Washington, is a lengthy affair and that they will spend this time in the guard house doing light chores and getting three-a-day. Hence, like the practice among hoboes, word has traveled around throughout the service wherein certain camps are recommended for "surrender" because the food is good and the work easy. The "Indian sign" has been placed on other stations where such luxuries are denied.

Imagine the surprise of the MP at the gate of a certain fort in California recently when a grizzled old geezer ambled up to him and announced:

"Son, I'm turning myself in. I'm a deserter from the last war."

Accordingly the old man was locked up along with the other post prisoners, all of whom were no older than this bird's son—if he had one. Because of his age, the provost officer took pity on him and did not assign him to any work detail. Special attention was given to his diet, as well as to his comfort, because all concerned admired this last honest act on the part of the old gent.

Like any other soldier, he sang off the name and number of his old outfit as well as the approximate date of his desertion back in 1917. A complete re-

port was forwarded to the Adjutant General but weeks passed without a reply from that headquarters. In the meantime, the old deserter had won the hearts of the station complement. Technically a prisoner, he enjoyed freedom of the post.

Finally Washington responded. The wordy document revealed the old gent to be a veritable dead beat on the U.S. Army. For over a period of years he had been pulling this racket on army posts throughout the country, thus getting his room and board free of charge to say nothing of the entertainment, clothing and pocket money he received from sympathetic G.I.'s. Yet he had never been a soldier, much less a deserter!—By Leon Harold



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AA-EEE.

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Send coupon below, enclosing check or money order for \$9.87. Pay postage on receiving boots. Specify size and widths and type wanted. Money back if not satisfied on receiving them.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



GET WHAT YOU VOTE FOR

It isn't enough to know what Congress does as a body. Find out how your own Representative and Senators vote on important issues. Here is a practical way of keeping posted

BY KENT COOPER

Executive Director The Associated Press

"For Pete's sake, listen!"

Suppose a determined American who knew what he was about, suddenly jumped up on a soapbox at a busy street corner, clapped his hands loudly and yelled it.

Suppose on a given day on one hundred thousand street corners at the peak of pedestrian traffic in every city, town and village of this country, a hundred thousand equally determined Americans who knew what they were about, suddenly jumped up on soapboxes, clapped their hands loudly and yelled:

"FOR PETE'S SAKE, LISTEN!"

And imagine that you stopped and listened, as you probably would, and the voice you heard went on:

"You are Pete, folks, every one of you. You've got real names, but for what I've got to say you are Pete, and for Pete's sake you had better find out how your congressman is voting down in Washington. Probably you never heard of him or from him. Maybe that's all right with him! But is it with you?"

If suddenly among all the people a great interest could be aroused in how the congressmen from their own respective districts are voting, the possible reaction thereto might not only save but revitalize our democratic form of government. To accomplish it, the street corner demonstrations will not be tried, although they would be dramatic and have effect. Something ought to be done! But why?

Simply this: With the people's lack of interest in how their congressmen are voting, the congressmen, instead of representing the people, represent themselves. They come to their own conclusions on how to vote and few of the folks back home have any information on how they voted.

A great change has enveloped American life in the relation of the national government to the individual. Congressional action has swooped down and completely enveloped the lives of the people. Few have cared. Washington seems far, far away to most people. In earlier days there was an excuse for that feeling. The mails were slow. There was no (*Continued on page 30*)

REPUBLICAN



A

DEMOCRATIC



B

AMERICAN LABOR



C

SOCIALIST

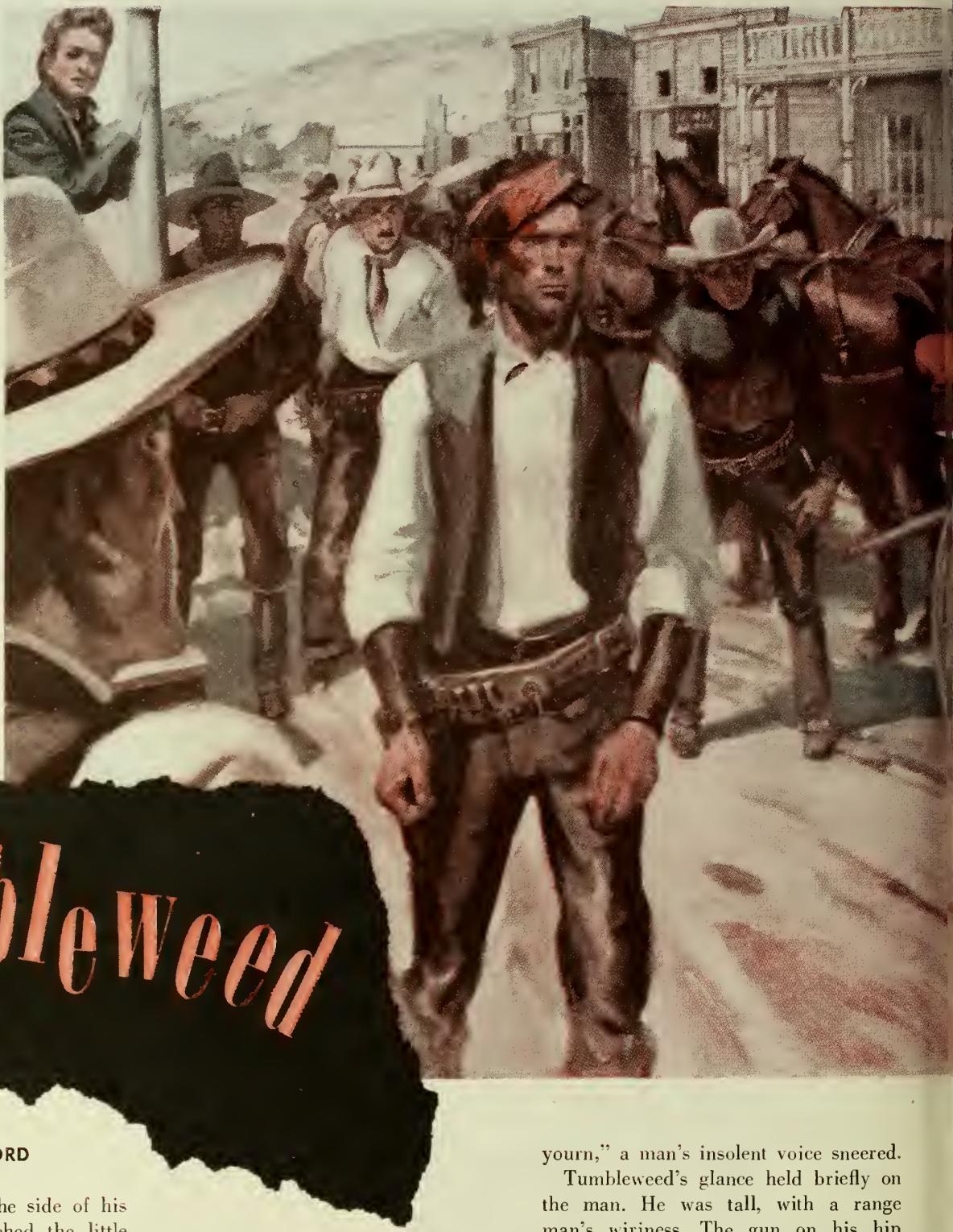


D

PROHIBITION



E



Tumbleweed

By BARRY CORD

Tumbleweed paused by the side of his waiting cayuse and watched the little knot of men listening to the red-haired girl standing on the steps of the Taylor Stage Line.

"Five hundred dollars," she said. She had a clear voice. "Isn't there a man among you who'll take the job? Five hundred dollars to drive the stage into St. Joseph!"

Several men on the outer edge of the group fidgeted. They had a dispirited quality that remained unmoved by the

girl's offer. One of them turned and glanced at a stocky figure standing in a doorway across the street. The afternoon sun glinted from a heavy watch chain looped across the watcher's vest front. The sign over the doorway read: Sam Rivers Fast Freight Company.

Tumbleweed stuck a hand-made cigarette between his lips and edged nearer. "It'll take more than money to hire a man to drive for that jinxed line of

yourn," a man's insolent voice sneered.

Tumbleweed's glance held briefly on the man. He was tall, with a range man's wiriness. The gun on his hip seemed to add insolence to his dark eyes.

"Why don't you drive it yourself?" the man added raucously.

The girl flushed. "I would—before I'd hire you, Poke!"

Someone in the group said: "Trouble goes with the man who drives for yuh, Marjorie."

The girl turned. "It's true we've had a lot of trouble," she admitted. "Some



A stranger drifted into town and took the job everyone else was afraid of. Then the fireworks started

of it has been just plain bad luck. Breakdowns on the trail. Holdups. I know some of you are thinking of Hank, who was killed driving one of our coaches a week ago. Sure, I know whoever drives for the Taylor Line will have trouble. But I'm asking for a man who'll take the chance."

There was a lengthy silence. Poke sneered.

"I'll drive, ma'am" Tumbleweed said.

Men near Tumbleweed turned and looked at him with curious eyes. Poke's sneer turned to a scowl.

The girl came to the edge of the stairs and looked at him. Tumbleweed was a rangy man, flat waisted and with a rider's long legs. He had lean, dark-features and a quiet, deliberate manner. There was nothing conspicuous about him, from scuffed boots to worn gray Stetson.

"Poke is dead," Tumbleweed said. "So's Sleepy. They won't be usin' the money you gave 'em, Sam"

He said: "Does that five hundred still go with the job?"

The girl nodded mutely. "Come inside," she said.

The Taylor office was small. It was furnished with a roll-top desk, a cuspidor and several straight-backed chairs. There was a hand-drawn map of the stage route from Logansport to St. Joseph on the near wall, and on the other a faded print of Custer's Last Stand.

The girl stopped by the desk and faced him.

"You're a stranger in town," she said, and he nodded.

"Ever drive stage before?"

She had a crisp, businesslike voice that caught his interest. It did not fit her, he thought. She was too much the woman. Even the blue levis and the mannish soft wool shirt, could not hide that fact. Her auburn hair was caught up and curled in a bun on her neck. She had a tanned, healthy face and there were freckles around her nose. He liked the saucy tilt of it.

"Yes," he said. "Down in Texas."

He had done other things, too. Horse wrangler for the Tumbling V. Drag rider and later trail boss for more than one herd going up the Goodnight Trail. Miner for a while around Tombstone. Lawman in Val Verde. He had never stayed long on any job. Too restless.

"Your name?" she asked.

"Tumbleweed."

Her blue eyes showed surprise. "That all?"

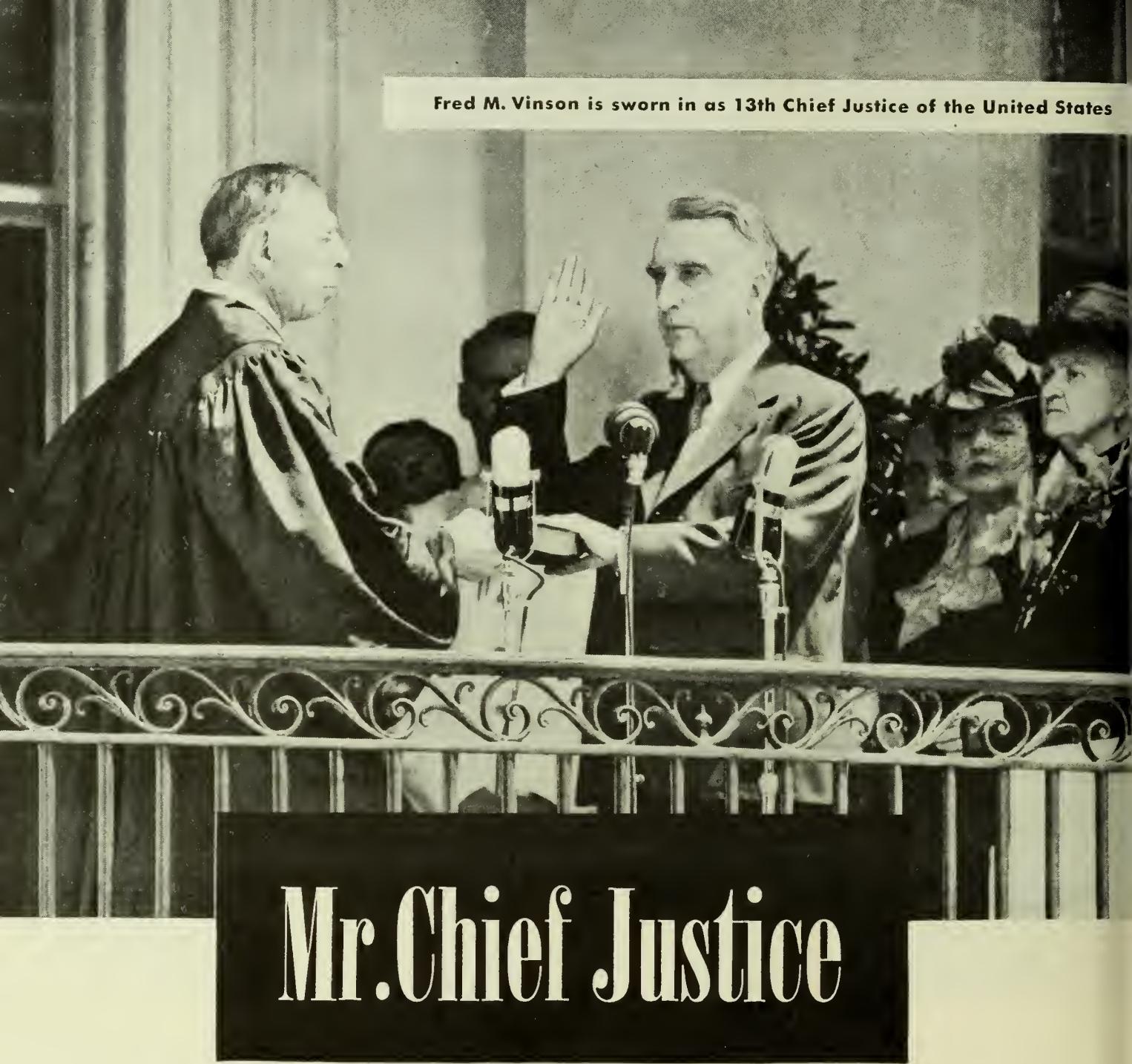
"Just Tumbleweed, ma'am," he affirmed gravely.

She waved to a chair and said, "Sit down, Tumbleweed. My name's Marjorie Taylor. My father's in a wheel chair—so I run the Taylor Stage Line."

He nodded acknowledgment, tossed his hat carelessly on the desk, and eased his long frame into the seat. Marjorie was a soft name, he thought—it went with a gentle, gracious nature. This girl was spirited, a fighter.

"I'd better let you know what you're
(Continued on Page 44)

Fred M. Vinson is sworn in as 13th Chief Justice of the United States



Mr. Chief Justice

BY RICHARD SEELYE JONES

When Frederick Moore Vinson, 56, of Louisa, Lawrence County, Kentucky, was named Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, the press, radio, public and his very numerous friends renewed earlier discussions of his serious accomplishments and anecdotes in lighter vein. Anecdotally the Vinson saga goes back beyond his own statement that he was born in jail, back beyond the time his grandfather Vinson skinned his grandfather Ferguson in a horse race, back to Daniel Boone and his aide, Capt. James

Graham, who was Vinson's great-great-grandfather, and forward to baseball teams at Centre College and political feuds in the Kentucky hills.

On its serious side the Vinson story covers fourteen active years in Congress, five on the federal bench, four key positions in the wartime government, and selection as the thirteenth Chief Justice of the U.S. The six-foot, graying, rugged-featured lawyer from the banks of the

Big Sandy likes to laugh over the anecdotes and likes to talk of serious things. In the latter vein he is likely to quote a slogan that his memory, which is excellent, recalls as engraved over the portals of the Cuyahoga, Ohio, Court House: "Obedience to Law Is Liberty." He sometimes concludes remarks about the American scheme of government with those words, and then looks slowly at his hearer from keen blue eyes under shaggy brows and adds, "Think that over."

The Chief Justice has thought over a

great many matters about life in these United States, and with useful results. His report, "The Road to Tokyo and Beyond," made July 1, 1945 as Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, covers many current problems—production, surpluses, labor, prices, foreign trade, aid to a hungry world, taxes, debts, and reconversion generally. His speech at the University of Kentucky on June 7, 1946, the day after this appointment as Chief Justice (but written before he heard of that new task), sums up his view of present American responsibility in a very troubled world, and his philosophy of action, continuity of policy, rejection of responsibility for inaction.

When Vinson makes

a speech it is full of facts. On May 5, 1926 as a young Congressman he startled the House with a plea for air defenses which was still being quoted in 1940. He had reviewed twenty reports of boards and commissions and made original studies until he had every answer on aircraft production. Frank James of Michigan, Republican chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, named Vinson as the fifth man on a Senate-House joint study of aircraft procurement, and in later years Vinson three times put an Aircraft Procurement law through the House, only to have it lost in the Senate. Mr. Chief Justice Vinson is a thorough and tenacious man. The events of 1941-45 utterly vindicated his judgment about air warfare.

He is also a jovial, hearty, pleasant man, with a deep chuckle. He chuckles at being born in jail, literally in the jailer's home adjoining the county lock-up on the court house square at Louisa, where James and Virginia Ferguson Vinson became parents of a future Chief Justice on Jan. 22, 1890. James, then recently elected jailer, later picked up his son one day and took him to court, sitting him beside the judge. Fred Vinson thinks his ambition to be a lawyer dates from about age 5. It never changed, and he laughs at the fiction that he almost became a big league shortstop. Perhaps he could have been a good one, but he never was seriously tempted to

drop pursuit of the law. His father died while he was in school, his mother took boarders, Fred did odd jobs, got through Kentucky Normal and to Centre College at Danville, Ky., graduating in 1909 and completing law school there in 1911. He worked in the library, tutored in mathematics, played football and baseball and won scholastic prizes. After two years' law practice in Louisa he was elected city attorney.

The Chief Justice chuckles over some apocryphal stories about his courtship

**Legionnaires can take pride in their
fellow-member from Kentucky who holds the second
highest post in our government**

of Roberta Dixon, whom he married in 1923 just before he came to Congress. He could scarcely have been courting Roberta in school days because the Vinson and Dixon families were on opposite sides of a political and business feud in Lawrence County, were supporters of the rival national banks around which the feud centered, and were just on speaking terms, if any. Young Vinson had something to do with joining the factions, around 1914-15. It was not a shooting affair, but a bitter fight just the same. Its settlement strengthened his political position in the county. When the Dixon and Vinson families did merge it was a real love affair, and it has lasted. After Vinson took the oath of Chief Justice on the White House portico last June, he turned and took Roberta in his arms and kissed her so spontaneously and heartily that Fred Jr., just out of the Air Corps, remarked irreverently, "The old man hasn't lost his technique." Mr. Vinson also kissed the Bible in which R. S. McClure had written on presenting it to the newlyweds of 1923, "The chart and compass of the voyage." Mr. Justice Groner, of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, who administered the judicial oath to Vinson, added the words, "as a result of which he has kept his rudder true."

The Vinsons are a happy couple, sociable, but not social. They have a home at Ashland, Ky., and live in an apart-

ment hotel in Washington. The Chief Justice takes his sports now as a spectator enjoying baseball, football and other games, and is a good contract bridge player. He has always been a reader, a student of law and economics, history and biography, and too busy for more than a very modest amount of recreation.

Vinson came to Congress in 1923, succeeding W. J. Fields, who became Governor of Kentucky, and remaining there until late 1938 except for two years. The Hoover landslide of 1928 unseated him for one term. He had got into the Army in 1918 after two rejections for being underweight. The ex-athlete from Centre was "down to

skin and bones," and was in officers training at Camp Pike when the Armistice was signed. He had an especially keen feeling for the men disabled in the war, and supported Veterans Bureau laws, the bonus and the disabled officers bill, and in March, 1933 voted against the Economy Act. When Louisa Post No. 89 of The American Legion was formed he was its first Commander. Its name later became W. O. Johnson Post, after a cavalryman who was a Vinson cousin. Vinson's vote against the Economy bill caused Louisville's two biggest newspapers to accuse him of disloyalty to President Roosevelt, and he answered their statement (*Continued on page 34*)



Happy family. Newly sworn in, Vinson gets kiss from wife as Fred Jr. beams

Those debts you left behind you when you donned uniform were not forgiven. They're still where you left them, plus interest. Here's how to go about settling up

Illustrated by
SAM SAVITT

After the young businessman got his notice from the draft board he took care of his financial responsibilities in a simple way, by hanging a sign on his door.

"Just see Uncle Sam," it said, "He will pay my bills."

Of course he was wrong.

But thousands of men thought their debts were forgiven or were paid by the Government when they went in service. Others believed that Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, as passed in 1940 and amended in 1942, provided a true moratorium on civilian debts and that no interest would accrue on a man's obligations while he was in uniform.

Actually, the act provided neither a moratorium on interest nor a waiving of debts. It merely provided the right to defer payment. While a man was in service, if his reduced ability to pay resulted in his being sued or having other legal processes invoked against him, he was entitled to postponement of the case until 90 days after he was



time to BALANCE YOUR BOOKS

By Clarence Woodbury

discharged. The act didn't forgive anything, only postponed.

Many men have had rude awakenings. At offices of the Veterans Administration and the Army's Personal Affairs Division, at free legal aid societies and other agencies which give advice to veterans, I was told of case after case where a man has returned from the wars only to discover that, while gaining glory abroad, he has lost his shirt at home.

One case, for example, concerned a veteran who had placed his life savings in a small apartment building. He was mustered out of the service last November 27th. On December 15th, the mortgage on the building matured, and the bank which held it immediately started foreclosure proceedings. The veteran wisely availed himself of legal help, and, as a result, he was granted a court stay of five months in which to pay up back interest and renew his mortgage, but in order to do this he has to work nights on a part-time job in addition to his regular job. Before the war, he worked only eight hours a day to keep the wolf away but now he has to work 14 and that, as he sees it, isn't much of a reward for all the long months he

spent overseas, unable to safeguard his private interests.

Then there was the ex-lawyer, a lieutenant in a National Guard regiment, who had built up a promising practice and was buying a nice home when his outfit was mustered into national service five years ago. He had a distinguished record in both the Mediterranean and European theaters and rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, but after paying

for the support of his family and his own living expenses he was unable to keep up his other pre-war obligations.

When he returned home recently, he found that his law practice had faded away during his absence and, unable to meet the pile of debts confronting him, he accepted bankruptcy. Today he is working for \$50 a week and has scant hope of ever climbing back to the economic niche he held before giving his services to Uncle Sam.

Not every veteran, of course, is in a worse position today than he was before the war. Thousands are far better off, and this is especially true of the youngsters who entered the service directly from high school or college. Many of them (*Continued on page 50*)





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When you slip into a Hart Schaffner & Marx coat, you're beginning a long, comfortable companionship. These luxury fabrics are as warm as a hearty handclasp, as inviting as a friendly greeting. Naturally enough . . . the famous Trumpeter label has been a favorite with America's well-dressed men for fifty-nine years.



Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes





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Remember... Calvert has blended more fine whiskey in its time than any other distiller in America.

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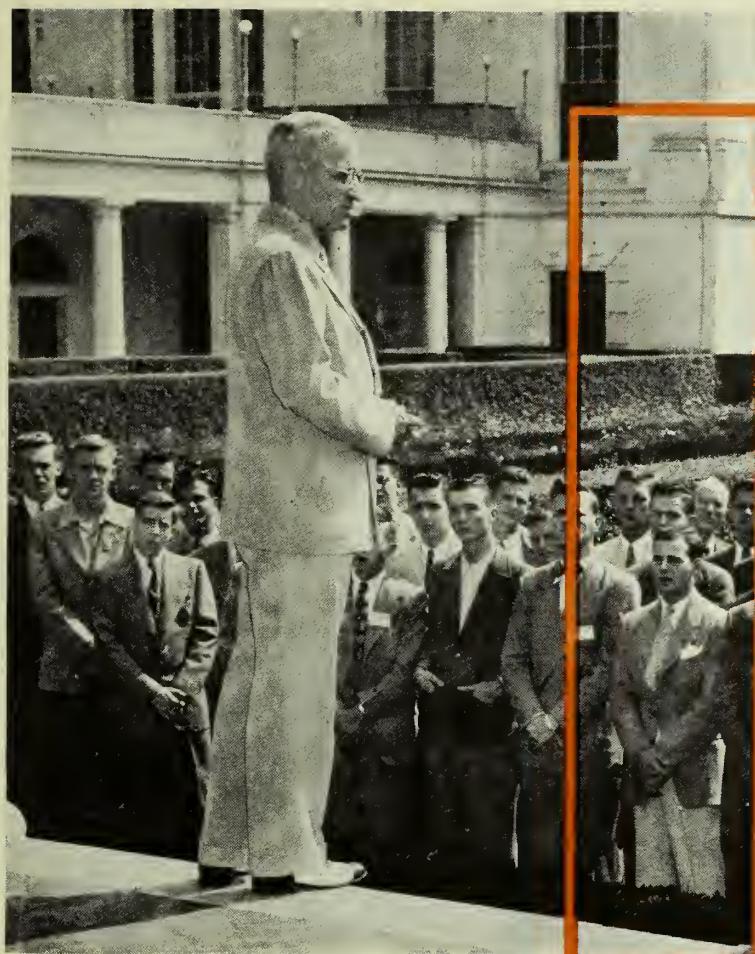
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Legion's Boys' Forum of National Government Get it Straight from President Truman that Democracy is...



"Senate" Gets Lowdown from Sen. Connally

"Good for 1,000 years"

OFFICIAL Washington was shaken out of its summer doldrums the first week in August when ninety-eight high school lads assembled there for the first Legion-sponsored Boys' Forum of National Government. In that whirlwind week, sweeping from one department of government to another and from the baseball park to the White House, these young leaders got a ground-floor view of government at work.

The Boys' Forum is an expansion of the Boys' States which are held annually by some forty Legion Departments for

the purpose of educating high school youth in the mechanics of state government. The group brought together at Washington was for the most part composed of officers of the Boys' States of 1946—and only Colorado, Kentucky and Minnesota were not represented there.

While in the nation's capital the young leaders were given an intensive course of instruction in the operation of the executive, legislative and judicial branches. They held a synthetic political convention notable for its zest, enthusiasm and floor management. They organ-

ized a "Senate" in the marble halls of the U. S. Senate caucus room and turned their mock session into a reasonable facsimile of the real thing on Capitol Hill. They also assembled in the United States Supreme Court Room.

And finally, just before the Forum disbanded, President Truman received the group at the White House with a cordial message and a friendly handshake. "This republic will continue to work as long as you want it to work," he said. "I think it is good for a thousand years."



"Sign me up, I fought the Big War," I snaps. "Under Grant or Lee? And have the Germans heard of this?" he asks

"The BIG War and Me"

By Fibber McGee

"I'm not blushing," I says to Molly. "I'm just trying to get into my old Army uniform, and for some reason it's a little snug across the pistol pockets," I says.

"A little snug???" she says, with two question marks after it. "I wish the wallpaper in the hall fit that tight!"

"I just gotta hold my breath, is all," I says. "Till I get these pants buttoned, is all."

"I'll hold my breath after you get

them buttoned," Molly promises. "If you stoop over in those pants," she goes on, "you're liable to split your defenses wide open and leave your flank unprotected!"

"I'll be okay," I reassures her, wishin' I believed it myself. "Funny how this uniform has shrunk just hangin' in that closet. Fit me fine last time I wore it—to the Legion Convention in '33."

"That was in Chicago," she reminds me. "I don't think it shrunk," she says.

"You're just a much bigger man here in Wistful Vista."

She's got a point there, but I finally get the pants buttoned anyhow, and after skinnin' the bejunior out of my Adam's apple, I manage to get my collar hooked, too. I could see right away it fit me like a glove—I'd already give up hope of it fittin' like a uniform, of course—and while I stood there gettin' my breath back, Molly looked me over.

"Very snappy, dearie," she tells me,

proudly, "Although if that tight collar pops your eyes out any further, you can look over your shoulder without turning your head." As I fought for air like a fresh-caught bass, she went on. "The uniform itself looks fairly drab," she says, "But those white tennis shoes give it a certain something. I'm not sure what—but something!"

"This uniform, Mrs. McGee," I says, with dignity, "is the uniform of the United States Army, an organization I'm a former member of which."

All this took place on the morning of December 8th, 1941, and I was getting dressed up in my fighting clothes to go down to the Army recruiting office and tell 'em McGee was ready.

Molly kissed me goodbye at the door with tears in her eyes. She kissed me, and then she let out a kind of a little low moan and went back in the house. We're both naturally sort of sentimental about those things and besides, I'd kissed her so quick I forgot to take my cigar butt out of my mouth. Thinking about it afterwards, I was awful glad it wasn't lit at the time.

When I got downtown there was quite a crowd around the recruiting office, but I didn't want to keep the War Department waiting so I walked right up to the sergeant and told him to relax. "Here I am, Sarge," I says, throwin' him a snappy salute, "Where do I sign up?"

He looks me over, kind of deliberate-like, and then he says, "Brother, wait till the Germans hear about this!"

"Don't dally, dilly!" I snaps. "Just slip me a dotted line and a ticket for the front! I don't need any training for this bout," I says, with a dramatic pause, "I fought the Big War!"

He was impressed. "The Big War?" he says, lookin' at me like a brother—a brother who's just caught you puttin' on his last clean shirt. "Who did you fight under—Grant or Lee?"

"You know what war I mean," I says, throwin' out my chest so hard I popped the buckle off my belt, on account of I got such low lungs. "The Big War!" I says.

"Oh, yeah?" he replies, "What outfit

were you in, My Sweet Little Boy Blow?"

"The same outfit I got on right now," I snaps back.

He sized me up again. "Now that I think of it," he tells me, "you're the kind of man we need for our shock troops. Yes-sir, when these Heinies see you, the shock'll kill 'em!"

**The recruiting sergeant took one look at the little
man from 79 Wistful Vista and decided that the old carcass
wouldn't stand retreading**

"Now, just a darn minute, bud," I began, but he stopped me. "No use wastin' a man like you in the early battles, Pop," he says, "we'll save you for the reserves. When the Japs lay siege to Kansas City, we'll call you."

"Reserve, my clavicle!" I hollers, pounding on his desk, "I come down here lookin' for action and I'm not gonna leave here till I get some action!"

So with that, a couple of MP's come out of the back room and give me a little action—and I went home and got myself made an air raid warden.

I was THE air raid warden, as a matter of fact. They laid the whole town of Wistful Vista out in squares, and made me the head of our square. . . .

Yessir, Squarehead McGee, I was known as around town! SQUAREHEAD McGEE, THE MOST SENSATIONAL SUPERVISOR OF CIVILIAN SAFETY WHO EVER SHOT OUT A STREETLIGHT WHEN THE SIREN SOUNDED, SCARING THE SOCKS OFF OF SEVERAL SILLY CITIZENS! SETTING UP A SYSTEM FOR SWITCHING OFF SIGNBOARDS AND SHOUTING SARCASTIC SAYINGS AT SKEPTICS WHOSE SHACKS SHOWED A SHINE THROUGH (Continued on page 54)



"This is the uniform of the United States Army, I'm a former member of which"



Johnson didn't waste any time. Thornton's skull cracked with the first blow of the heavy wrench

Johnson closed the account books and looked at the big electric clock on the wall. It was quarter to five and the first part of his task was ended. He felt more confident now.

He put the books in the safe, his on top and Thornton's below, his eye running rapidly over the rest of the contents. Everything was in order. Tomorrow the auditors would examine the books and the \$10,000 shortage would be Thornton's headache. Only it wouldn't be a headache for Thornton. He wouldn't be around to know about it.

Johnson had picked Thornton's day off to make the few bookkeeping changes necessary to shift the blame for the shortage from himself to his assistant. He looked at the clock again. It was nearly five, time to put the rest of his plan into operation.

Now that he was actually going through with it, Johnson felt suddenly confident. He put on his coat and hat and stepped from the cashier's cage which he and Thornton shared. The door locked automatically behind him. He said good night to Miss Pringle, the

Johnson was sure nobody could pick him as Thornton's murderer, because...

cept on purely business matters.

"Why, hello, Frank. This is a surprise."

"Yeah," Johnson said. "I was wondering if you're busy tonight. I was going to ask you to show me that summer camp of yours. I'm thinking of buying a place myself. I could pick you up."

"Sure." Thornton seemed surprised. "It's a little early in the season. But sure. I'm not doing anything. Like to have you see it. What time?"

Johnson felt the perspiration running down his neck.

"Eight-thirty. Sharp," he said. "Pick you up in front of your apartment." That was part of the plan.

He chose a crowded downtown restaurant. The nearness of people gave him a feeling of security. He didn't want to be alone until he felt more

the sports writers gave the Greys an outside chance. The game, however it ended, would be talked about for weeks. That was why Johnson had selected it.

He stood in line to buy a ticket.

"How many?" the ticket seller asked.

"One in the unreserved section." Johnson told him. He shoved a ten dollar bill inside the window. The man pushed his change back to him.

Johnson picked up the bills, counted them and hurriedly counted them again. He looked at the ticket seller, feigning surprise.

"Didn't I give you a twenty dollar bill?" Johnson asked.

"No, sir. You gave me a ten. Here it is." The ticket seller, his face reddening, held up the bill.

"Sorry," Johnson mumbled and moved aside. This was part of the plan too. That ticket seller would be an alibi wit-



chief clerk, and walked out the front door.

Instead of going directly across the street to his car, in the parking lot, Johnson walked around the corner to the drug store. He fumbled in his pocket for a nickel. His hand was steady as he dialed the number of Thornton's bachelor apartment.

"Hello," he heard Thornton's voice, metallic sounding over the telephone.

"This is Frank Johnson," he said. It sounded formal. He couldn't remember ever having telephoned his assistant ex-

confident. After he had eaten, Johnson drove home slowly. In his two-room apartment, he took a shower and lay down on his bed. He slept fitfully for a half-hour and then it was a quarter to eight. Time to start for the hockey game.

Johnson drove his car to a dark section of the fair grounds and parked it in the exact spot he had picked out Sunday when he had rehearsed his plan.

Crowds were pouring into the hockey rink, attracted by the league playoff. The Blues were the favorites although

ness later, if necessary. He would remember the guy who questioned him about his change.

But Johnson wasn't sure he had made enough of an impression on the ticket seller. He looked around the lobby. A pretty girl dressed in a nurse's uniform was taking donations for the Red Cross. Here was a chance to clinch the identity. He walked over to her table. There were a few quarters there, dropped hurriedly by hockey fans.

Johnson gave the Red Cross woman a twenty (*Continued on page 53*)

Professional football is a steal, a robbery, one of the biggest and most successful pieces of larceny in history.

Twenty years ago it was a dirty-faced, unwanted ragamuffin, a shady cousin of the college game. This year it opened its season with two major leagues, fall custody of the nation's largest stadia, the backing of some of the country's most celebrated sportsmen and sportiest celebrities, hundreds of thousands of loyal fans in more of our large cities than can brag big league baseball clubs, and the promise that in a few years it will have grossed one hundred million dollars. How did professional football get that way?

Football-for-money got that way because it is an unvarnished robbery in which the appropriators had the sense to steal everything in sight, then take it home and repair it. Everyone knows that the pro football players come from the same place the game itself came from, right out of the colleges. And they are the cream of the crop. But the real feather in the big-time operator's hat is not his obvious source of material, it is his recognizing of ideas, his gamble

the responsibility for drawing crowds. If you think your college coach is well paid, consider as you watch your alma mater on Saturday, that few college coaches in the country draw much more than George Bird, *band leader* of the Cleveland All-America club, who nets \$8,500 for the season. If you think your college songs are distinctive remember that thanks to professional football the man-in-the-street can bellow his own lusty team songs.

Hail to the Redskins is the common property of every citizen of Washington, D.C., but of no college.

BY SHIRLEY POVICH You have missed something if you haven't heard

34,738 Washingtonians—all that can fit into Griffith Stadium—chanting. "Hail the Redskins, Hail the Redskins, Hail the Redskins!" just to make George Marshall's mammoth band play the tune so they can *really* sing out its inspiring martial strains.

When laundryman Marshall moved his team from Boston to Washington in 1937 he started to demonstrate how pro football could go with proper direction and showmanship. His first act was to sign Sammy Baugh, All American for-



College spirit? Nope. Just plain citizens whooping for the Redskins

THE \$100,000,000 FOOTBALL ROBBERY

The pros have grabbed off all the hoopla that used to glamorize collegiate gridirons. Now the man without an alma mammy can toast, sing and cheer his big pro team

of big money that he could lift and improve on college showmanship and make it pay off.

While you watch your favorite money-players battle it out for best score on the gridiron these fall Sundays, another battle is going on behind the scenes. It is the struggle for top showmanship, for the trimmings, the color and the rah-rah that shares with quality football

ward-passing ace from Texas Christian University, at an unheard of salary of \$10,000 a year for five years. That was at a rate of approximately \$1,000 a game. Marshall was gambling on his own ability to put on a show that would get the dough back.

He wrapped the Redskins in showmanship. He assembled a 110-piece Redskin band in feathered regalia, tutored

them in intricate maneuvers that shamed the student bands of the colleges. He surrounded the introduction of the players with pomp and circumstance. A small scale cannon installed behind the goal lines boomed at every Redskin touchdown. Between the halves he paraded animal acts, dancing teams, patriotic skits, with no less than Carmen Cavallero at the piano. Mrs. Marshall



High scoring, wide-open football and field goals galore keep crowds on toes. Here Washington Redskins get off to a gain in their 24-21 victory over the Chicago Cardinals in 1945. Field goal won game

wrote the lyrics of *Hail to the Redskins*, and George commissioned the composing of the music, then gave the song to his trolley-car and taxicab customers as an all-time bond between themselves and the Washington National League football team.

From the colleges Marshall stole the idea of selling season tickets at reduced rates. The fans, after one season of Red-

skin games, began to scramble for them. This year he placed a limit on season tickets, and announced that not more than 26,000 would be available. He could have sold 50,000 if his park could have held the mobs. Washington had been won over to pro football.

Club owners in other cities began to take the hint. In Chicago, where George Halas' mighty Bears teams used to play

to the accompaniment of a sort of ragamuffin band the presentation began to spruce up, and now the Bears have a band to rival the best any college offers.

Jimmy Conzelman says that he sold the Detroit franchise to Dick Richards in 1928 for \$50, on the suspicion that the pro football business was no good. Richards moved in with a team, and when Marshall (*Continued on page 39*)

Having posted my two sons, just home from the European theatre of war, on the best deer-stands I knew in a famous plantation drive, I began to walk from the road to my own stand, two hundred yards away, in a savanna. To reach this open place I had to fight my way through a mean thicket, full of tangled vines and dense bushes six feet high. When I was only twenty yards off the road, something got up close to me, heading away from me swiftly and silently. Barely catching the glint of horns, I fired blindly. The place was so thick that I could not see what had been the result of my shot.

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

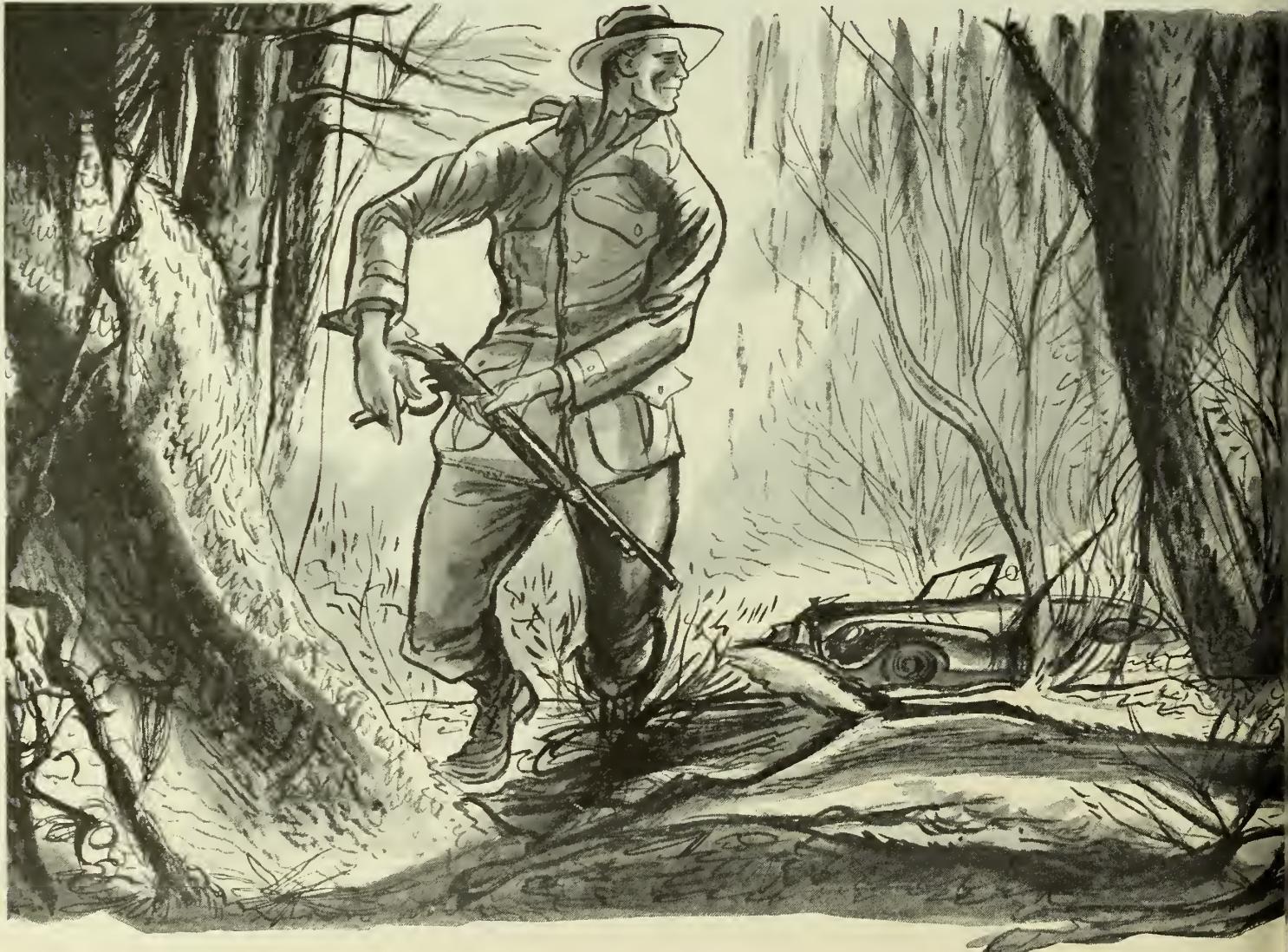
Reloading my gun, I took a wary step forward. Then ahead of me I saw a bush shaking. I knew then that my buck was down. A few more steps brought him partly into view—a huge stag. But he was getting up. I fired again, whereupon a second buck broke cover almost under my feet. He was smaller than the first one, and I did not shoot at him, though in my state it would have been legal. I knew I had a hart royal, and that was enough. A noble beast he was, a ten-pointer; and he had everything; massive and symmetrical antlers, size, weight,

beauty, that any deer hunter would want.

In medieval days, when a man lost his life in an unexpected brawl, it used to be said that he had been killed in chance medley. That's just what happened to this buck.

From this incident a good many things can be learned about deer and about deer hunting. Notice how those two bucks had been lying carelessly close to the road; notice that the second one, although I was right on top of him, did not leave his bed until I had fired the second time. That meant that whereas the first had attempted to escape by flight, the second had decided that he

Bucks I Have Known



would try the chances of lying still. Then, it is truly remarkable how litt'le noise an old buck makes in getting up. He just slides out and is gone. A yearling will scare a man to death with the wild break he makes from his bed. But I think the chief thing to be learned is that the behavior of a buck is usually unpredictable; as a rule you cannot count on his doing a certain thing. If it were not so, there would be no sport in hunting him, and there would be no more bucks to hunt.

In my long and misspent life in the wilds, this stag that I took by chance medley had the second largest horns of

the 207 bucks I have bagged altogether.

It makes little difference whether you hunt him in Maine, in Michigan, in Pennsylvania, Texas, or Carolina, the whitetail deer is the same animal; and wherever he is found he displays characteristics that are typical of his race. Where he is hunted, he has become a nocturnal animal; in his after-dark wonderings he is simply searching for food. A great dodger and skulker, he depends on tactics of this kind to protect him rather than on mere speed.

When a buck is roused, he may leave you as if he were carrying the mail across the continent; but with a few hun-

dred yards, or even short of that distance, especially if suitable cover invites him, he will begin to dodge, to pause, to reconnoiter. Except when first started, deer rarely run wildly and incontinently. They feel their way out of danger. As to the speed of which the whitetail is capable, I have carefully timed one with a speedometer. He was running parallel to a good road; and he reached 45 miles an hour without any apparent effort. Of course, no living thing could long maintain that rate.

There is a common belief among woodsmen that a deer's eyesight is poor. But a hunter (*Continued on page 43*)

**The whitetail is man's superior at woodcraft, and it
takes a smart hunter to outwit an animal who can move at 45 miles an
hour, jump 33 feet and outguess a man two to one**



AMERICAN LEGION COLLEGE FOR LEADERS



Young Legionnaires at the First Session of the College at Indianapolis

SOME years back the philosophic Mr. Dooley uttered the sage remark: "Ye can lade a man up to th' university, but ye can't make him think."

It is too bad that Dooley's creator, Peter Finley Dunne, could not have attended The American Legion College, the first two-weeks session of which was held at Legion Headquarters in July. Not only did the 67 veteran-students make it apparent that they were doing plenty of thinking—they gave the instructors ample food for thought.

That was evident from the questions, fired at instructors in salvoes and barrages. It was shown by the way the sessions ran overtime. It was apparent from the way the former soldiers, sailors and marines refused to be distracted, even by the co-eds, three attractive ex-WACs.

At the end of the concentrated college term, students were unanimous in their opinion that in two weeks' time they had probably learned more about the Legion than they could have learned otherwise in years. Instructors congratulated themselves that all objectives had been achieved.

The objectives had been set up many months before, when plans for this new departure in Legion activities were being drawn up—

"To increase knowledge and appreciation on the part of the future leaders of The American Legion for our American way of life and our Constitutional form of government; along with a sound understanding of the contributions to these basic philosophies by the programs of The American Legion."

Amplifying this, National Commander John Stelle had said:

"At the conclusion of this first term, 67 young members of the organization will return to their respective home towns all over America, equipped to spread intelligently the gospel of The American Legion. Through their training in this school they will have taken the first step in equipping themselves for future leadership in the nation's greatest veteran organization."

One reason for the students' close application was their realization of the work cut out for them. Back in the 34 Departments they represented were millions of veterans, in and out of the Legion. To

make good Legionnaires of these millions, they knew, called for more than missionary zeal. It was essential to know the answers.

"My Department," said one student, "has 35 meetings lined up for me already. By the time I get home there will probably be a lot more. I'm taking down every word here because I'm going to need it in talking Legion to those groups."

Said another: "It's given me a new slant on a lot of things. It's too bad every Legionnaire can't take this course."

Not every Legionnaire can, of course. However, the first 67 students and those who will follow in succeeding sessions of the College will do much to give not only veterans but all Americans a clearer picture of what the organization means.

AT THE outset, it was made perfectly plain to the students that the Legion looked to them for leadership, and that the College was a means of giving them the tools needed for leadership. Many of the students were full-time Legion workers for Departments, as assistant adjutants, service officers or in other capacities. The others were informed that their services would be needed in similar work.

The curriculum covered every activity of the Legion, described the organization's development, its organization and the manner in which its activities are integrated with all American life. All subjects were presented by key Legion officials who, after their lectures, encouraged students to ask questions and to present their own ideas.

Each Department was permitted to send from one to six students, based on the Department's membership, and a flat tuition fee of \$100 per student was charged. In most cases this was paid by the sponsoring Departments, though in some cases individual Posts underwrote this cost. The \$100 was used by National Headquarters to defray the average cost of transportation to and from Indianapolis for each student, and for hotel accommodations, meals, textbooks, supplies and social activities.

Credit for the success of the College goes largely to its most active proponents, V. M. "Army" Armstrong, its President; C. M. "Chuck" Wilson, director; Clarence R. Smith, assistant director; and Donald G. Glascoff, National Adjutant.

GET WHAT YOU VOTE FOR

(Continued from page 13)

telegraph, and there were very few newspapers. Indeed, as late as the middle of the last century, the combined strength of the entire American press afforded itself just one news reporter in the city of Washington, in the person of one Associated Press correspondent.

At that time, and even before then, congressional elections (and both senators and representatives are congressmen) turned usually upon one or two questions. Even as late as fifty years ago there were just two election issues: free trade and the free coinage of silver. Representatives in Congress were elected or defeated because they declared they would vote for or against both. Fifty years before that it was the question of slavery or anti-slavery.

Then, just before the turn of the century, something happened that introduced all of the people of the whole country to the power the national government dared openly to assume. As a rider to the Wilson tariff bill in the last Cleveland administration, Congress imposed an open and direct tax on individuals. It was known as the income tax. Up to that time the government got most of its money from its citizens without their knowing it through a tariff on their imported goods, plus internal revenue taxes on their liquor and their tobacco. These were concealed taxes. They all went into the cost of the articles bought over the counter, as they still do. But the citizens themselves did not pay any money directly to the national government.

THE idea of Congress decreeing that the government openly reach into the pockets of the people caused mild astonishment. But the Supreme Court declared the income tax law unconstitutional. Little thinking that their turns would come later, and to tax the rich, the people's congressmen and state legislators voted





"It's the girl we hired to sit in with the kids—she wants to know where we keep the fire-extinguisher"

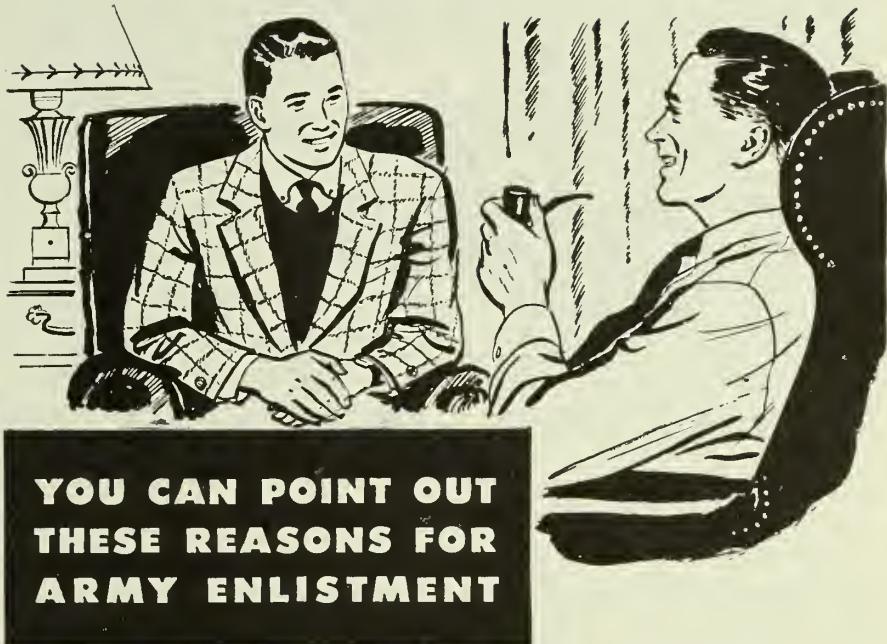
to amend the constitution so Congress could levy the personal income tax. This it has been doing with increasing vigor ever since.

Soon there came war, bigger income taxes, corporation taxes, gift taxes, inheritance taxes, luxury taxes, social security taxes, all imposed and collected by Washington. Thus, without the people realizing it, the whole structure of the national government was changed by congressional action into a great taxing machine. More than that, the Congress began making the pattern for our lives. Controls increased. All of this, perhaps, is all right. I neither attack nor defend it. But there is a compelling necessity that the people take a lively concern in how their congressmen vote. Today only a small percentage of the voters in the United States could even name the representatives they elect from their own district, or the senators from their own states.

THIS, then, is a suggestion that the people had better lift their sights and look at Washington. Early in November millions of voters go to the polls to elect a new Congress. Most congressmen will be seeking reelection. Yet how many voters have the slightest idea how their congressmen have been voting on important questions? Postcards to the candidates ought to bring specific information to the voters. If the information is given, and the voters are not satisfied, they can turn to the other candidate.

But interest in getting what you vote for should not stop with the election. Watch the next Congress and see that you get what you vote for. Again, this can be done by means of postcards, though there is another way.

There are no institutions in this country more anxious to be of service than the newspapers. In recent years the reports they have given of the actions of Congress have enormously increased through their own correspondents, and through the reports of their press associations. Before



YOU CAN POINT OUT THESE REASONS FOR ARMY ENLISTMENT

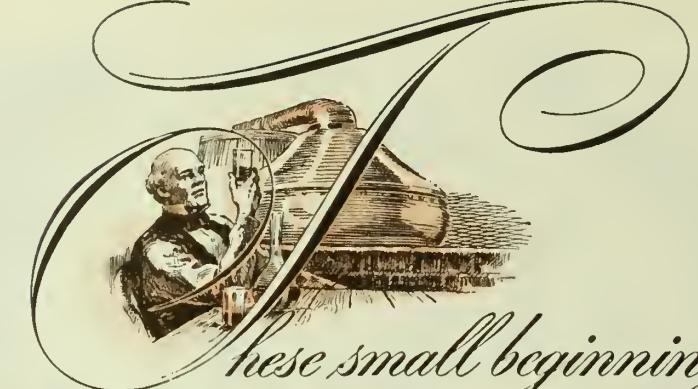
YOUR organization is co-operating in the enlistment of a fine new Regular Army. Here are some of the important advantages you can point out to prospective enlistees with whom you discuss the matter under your plan:

- **NEW HIGHER PAY**—Considering the fact that food, clothing, quarters, medical and dental care are all supplied, the Army man's take-home pay is actually higher than that of many skilled workers.
- **RETIREMENT PAY**—Twenty years is considered a short business career, and yet the Army man can retire at half pay for the rest of his life after only 20 years of service, increasing to three-quarters pay after 30 years. It would cost more than one hundred dollars a month to buy an annuity which would assure the retirement pay of a First Sergeant.
- **ENLISTMENT PERIOD**—Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years are now permitted. The 3-year enlistment is to be desired because it allows a choice of branch of service and overseas theater (of those still open). One-year enlistments are available to those now in the Army with 6 or more months of service.
- **REENLISTMENT BONUS**—\$50 for each year of active service since such bonus was last paid, or since last entry into service, provided reenlistment is within 3 months of last honorable discharge.
- **MUSTERING-OUT PAY**—Based upon length of service, this is offered to all men who are discharged to enlist or reenlist.
- **REENLISTMENT FURLough**—Offered to all men who reenlist within 20 days. Details of other furlough privileges can be obtained from Recruiting Officers.
- **TRAINING, EDUCATION**—The opportunity to learn in the Army more than 200 skills and trades, with splendid on-the-job training.

URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN
YOU KNOW TO ENLIST NOW
AT THEIR NEAREST
U.S. ARMY RECRUITING STATION

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE



*These small beginnings
LED TO THIS GREAT WHISKEY*

Here, in a little log cabin distillery,
over a hundred years ago, James Crow perfected the whiskey
that was destined to win fame throughout the world.

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOTTLED IN
BOND

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S
GREAT WHISKIES

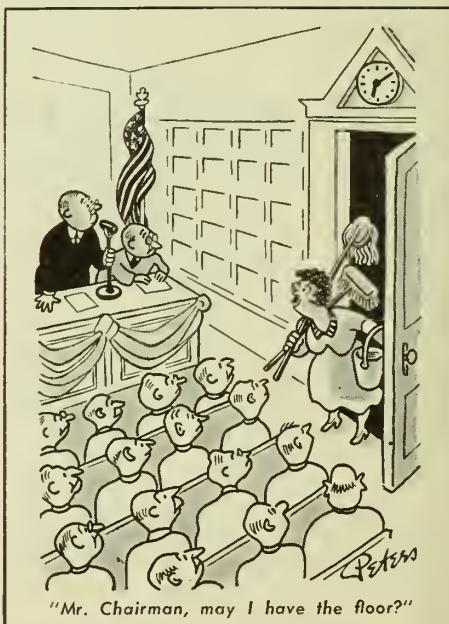
Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

the income tax was first imposed by Congress there was a total of 144 newsmen accredited to the press galleries in Washington. Today the number is 611.

Though the amount of general information on the activities of Congress has tremendously increased, the newspapers may not tell you how your own Congressmen vote on roll calls because you have shown no interest in knowing how they voted. A few newspapers on their own account give the information because they believe it vitally important to do so. Some do it because some readers have asked for it. Most of them do not do it at all. All of them can, and I believe would be glad to do it, if enough interest in the information is aroused.

IT MUST be understood, however, that under present conditions the newspapers can report only how the congressmen vote when the vote is by roll call. Many votes are taken in Congress without roll calls. No one can attempt to report how a congressman votes if the congressmen only stand up to be counted, or vote *viva voce*. Congress has not modernized its voting system by voting with push buttons that electrically record the names as voted, and give the result by an automatic totalizer. Without that modern method, standing and *viva voce* votes speed up congressional business because they are much faster than calling the roll by the present method. Another reason why many congressmen want no roll calls is that voting without roll call establishes no record of how each individual votes. Thus the congressman is saved from criticism by people back home who might think he voted wrong. Some day perhaps Congress will speed up its work through voting by an electrical device, and then each and every vote can be made known.

Meanwhile, experts in congressional matters believe that there are enough roll





"Now, isn't this cozier?"

call votes for any voter back home to gain a good idea from the roll calls whether his congressman is really representing the voter's opinion. But if the voter really wants to know without question how his congressman stands, he should write to him and ask him for his record.

What is needed above all things, however, is an awakening of interest. Either the congressman should be asked for the record of his roll call votes or the newspapers be asked to print it. If people do not keep informed on how their congressmen are voting, they have no ground for complaint when they find their freedom slipping further away from them.

Better wake up get what you vote for!

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

DURING the night of D-plus-1 on Iwo Jima, a lieutenant colonel commanding a battalion of the Fourth Marine Division was lying in a shell crater with two members of his staff. Sleepless because of the violent Jap bombardment, the Marine commander lay on his back, his eyes toward the front lines a few hundred yards away. Suddenly he saw arching high into the sky a red-hot, thousand-pound rocket. As he watched it reach the top of its orbit and plunge earthward, he realized that it was heading for his hole. Unable to move or speak, he lay still, following with his eyes the missile's course until with a terrific roar it crashed not ten yards from his refuge.

His hair on end, the colonel immediately called his quartermaster. "Get me a tent up here at once," he said.

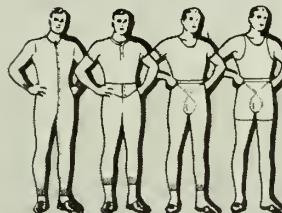
In due time the tent was erected. Thereupon, the colonel crawled inside and went to sleep. In the morning he told his baffled staff that he had enough worries on his mind without having to watch Jap shells heading his way. In plain sight of the Jap positions, the tent stayed there, and the colonel slept soundly that night, the only one on the island to do so.—*By Major Albert Arsenault*



INDOORS — COTTON inner Layer next the skin for constant comfort.



OUTDOORS — WOOL and other fibres in outer layer for warmth and protection.



Why Take Chances?

From the warmth indoors to the cold outdoors is a step loaded with health hazards! Duofold's famous 2-layer fabric insulates against cold . . . helps guard your health outdoors . . . and keeps you comfortable indoors. . . Provides warmth and protection without that extra weight. No wool itch. Your health deserves only the best. So try Duofold.

Duofold Inc. • Mohawk, N.Y.

Duofold
2layer SPORTS
UNDERWEAR
NO ITCH



"Look—they have KIWI again!"

"Yes ma'am. And we're glad to have even a few tins. Many customers just won't accept any other shoe polish."

"Like me, for instance. I've never found another polish that gives such a lasting shine so quickly and easily."

"That's because KIWI's rich in oils and waxes that penetrate right into the pores of the leather. It makes little nicks and scratches disappear too!"

"I know you carry the finest. That's why this is our favorite shoe store."

KIWI DARK TAN

LIGHT TAN • MAHOGANY • OXBLOOD
The ORIGINAL English STAIN shoe polishes.
KIWI BLACK • Brown • Tan • Transparent (Neutral)

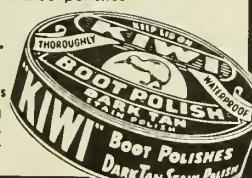
Non stain shoe polishes

LYONS & CO.

120 Duane St.
New York 7

sole U. S. Distributors

If you can't get
KIWI send us the
name of your
shoe dealer.



SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO . . .

YOUR DECEMBER ISSUE
OF THE
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

•
Highlights of the San Francisco National Convention. Whether you were there or whether you weren't, you'll enjoy this account of the greatest Legion Convention in history.

•
Kenneth Roberts, one of America's great authors, talks about the Legion's history, as portrayed in Richard Seelye Jones' forthcoming book.

•
What Congress has done for veterans of World War II is described by Ray Tucker, who tells how a sound, basic program has been formulated.

•
The inside story of the Battle of the Bulge, and why Von Rundstedt's final bid for victory was not nipped before it became a real threat.

•
PLUS MANY
OTHER FEATURES YOU WON'T
WANT TO MISS

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?



1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW

WILDRONT CREAM-OIL

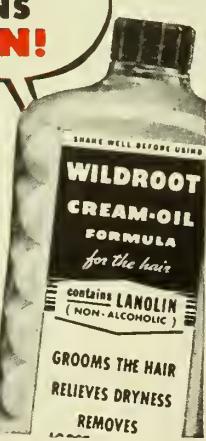


2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other hair tonics. Get it from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair too!



CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:



TUNE IN: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday on entire CBS Network.

MR. CHIEF JUSTICE

(Continued from page 17)

by calling it right out in Congress, a "malicious, willful, damnable lie." He said he voted against the bill because it was rushed through without debate or chance for amendment, was against his beliefs and promises, and was unconstitutional because it gave legislative powers to the executive. As to the new President of his own party he said, "I will follow him as far as my ideas of honorable service will permit."

He not only followed Roosevelt, but led in congressional fights for the Vinson-Guffey Coal Act, the Social Security Act, tax reform, and Secretary Hull's reciprocal trade agreements. He fought Mr. Roosevelt on Economy at the expense of disabled veterans and on payment of the bonus certificates and on some fiscal policies. He was spoken of as "a border line New Dealer," and a "budget balancer." As chairman of tax committees he was for reform but not for revolutionary redistribution of wealth. He projected withholding taxes, the pay-as-you-go plan, in 1937, before the Rum Plan was heard of, and smiled a bit complacently when Wall Street, after clamoring for the Rum Plan, saw most of its corporate blessings eliminated by carefully worded amendments.

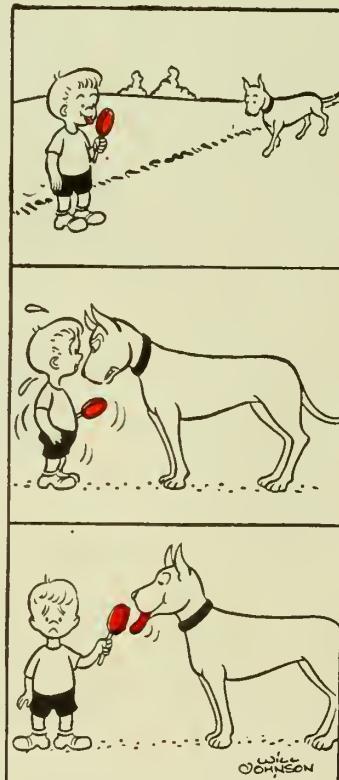
Mr. Roosevelt forgave Vinson for not being a perfect rubber stamp of New Deal policies, chose him a judge of the United States Court of Appeals in 1938, and turned to him for one of the tough wartime assignments of administration in 1943. Others who fought Vinson in legislative battles admired him as a fair, though hard, antagonist. He could have his fun in Congress, and wrote twelve verses of amusing doggerel about President Coolidge's electric horse for the *Congressional Record*. He could debate with the best of them. In an immigration bill fight he took on Emanuel Celler and F. H. La Guardia of New York, and when Celler referred to the homicide rate in Kentucky among old American families, Vinson replied "In Kentucky they shoot you in the face when they shoot. They do not hire a gunman for \$25 to creep up behind you in the dark, as in the gentleman's State." Vinson was for America for Americans, against undesirable immigration, and told his opponents that "the gentleman from

Kentucky will stand for the bill and against all amendments that emasculate it."

One of the closest Congressional contests led by Vinson was for payment of the bonus certificates, which he won in 1936 after four years in which Wright Patman, of Texas, battled for their payment with unredeemable paper money. When Patman's campaign forced The American Legion to fight for orthodox financing of the payment, John Thomas Taylor, the Legion legislative director, asked eight favorable members of the Ways and Means Committee separately who could best lead the fight. Seven of them named the eighth—Fred Vinson. The Kentuckian took on the responsibility. His plan, with Senate amendments, ultimately beat the Patman plan, and passed over the President's veto.

The tough but fair qualities of mind which made Vinson the "available man" to whom both Presidents Roosevelt and

Truman turned in 1943, 1945 and 1946 for the most difficult of executive assignments may be traced a long way back. Of English, Scotch and Irish heritage, the Vinsons and the Fergusons came to the Big Sandy country as settlers around 1800 from North Carolina and Virginia, respectively. In the Civil War seven Vinsons were in the Confederate Army, and one a colonel on the Northern side. Fred Vinson's grandfather Samuel J. Ferguson was a lieutenant in the 8th Virginia Cavalry under Capt. Sam Vinson, a great uncle of the Chief Justice. The family used to say that Col. Will Vinson got in the wrong (Yankee) army because he signed up at the first recruiting office he came to when he heard a war was on. Fact was he opposed secession. One of his seven



Confederate brothers fell at Gettysburg. The fighting roll of Vinson and Ferguson kin is a very long one. Its latest name is that of Fred Vinson Jr., who qualified as a pilot, bombardier and navigator before the Air Corps discovered that one eye was a shade off perfection. It was not his shooting eye, and he became a gunner on a B-29.

The toughness and fairness of the Chief Justice found expression in 1909 at Centre, when he was competing for top scholastic honors and playing shortstop on the baseball team. He wanted the student prize to

RUPTURED DUCK PUBLIC PROPERTY

A WIDESPREAD belief that the veterans' discharge emblem had been copyrighted by a printer, who was asking a two percent royalty for its use in advertising and printing, has been found erroneous as the result of an investigation made by *The Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising*. The publication learned that the printer, Larry Mickelson & Co., of Portland, Oregon, had bought an adaptation of the design which he thought gave him the right to collect royalties on the cost of all space or printing using the emblem. The facts, as given by Senior Attorney L. C. Smith, of the copyright office, are: The design for the veterans' discharge emblem was originated in 1925 by the Heraldic Section of the War Department. With alterations it was approved in 1943 for its present use. The emblem is the property of the United States Government. No one can claim exclusive right to its use.

Mickelson can legitimately tax you for using a reproduction of his special drawing, which has additional colored rings, but he cannot tell a serviceman or an advertiser how or when he can reproduce the official emblem or any other specific adaptation of it, or any photograph of the actual button.

take to his mother, who had struggled to aid his education. The team wanted its best fielder and placement hitter, and the spark plug of its enthusiasm, on a final trip to California and Virginia. J. H. McCord, today a top lawyer for the Louisville and Nashville R.R. Co., was Vinson's scholastic rival. The lad from Louisa did not want to miss any classes by traveling with the ball team. Some of the players came to him with a scheme to take McCord on the trip as a substitute, and thereby even up the missing of class work. Vinson turned it down because it wasn't quite fair and square. He decided to make the trip and win the prize as well. The team won every game, got home on a Sunday, and examinations began on Monday. Fred Vinson won the scholastic prize and was glad he had won it the hard way.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT made Vinson a federal judge in 1938. Chief Justice Stone added to his duties in 1942 the chief judgeship of the Emergency Court of Appeals, under the O.P.A. statute. In 1943 the President needed a man who could say "No" and make it stick to head the Office of Economic Stabilization, handling wage and price and production and fiscal controls for the war emergency. He asked Vinson to leave his lifetime post on the bench and take the difficult job.

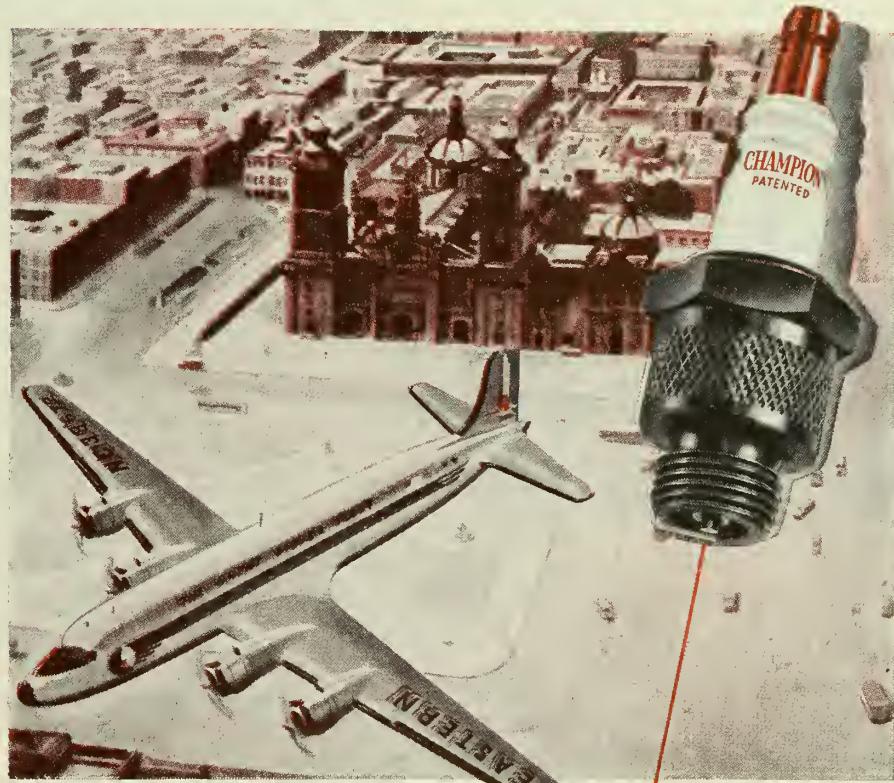
Roberta Vinson has received a few shocks in her married life. One was in 1933 when Fred Vinson came home one evening and blandly announced "I com-



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To help maintain its high standard of service, Eastern Air Lines, like the majority of others, specifies dependable Champion Spark Plugs for the planes of "The Great Silver Fleet." Such testimony in favor of Champions is powerful evidence they make every engine a more dependable and better performing engine. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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and so is THIS



Remember this, too, about Florida. It is a great place to live as well as to play. Imagine picking oranges off of your own trees right in your own backyard. Imagine being able to enjoy all of Florida's sports and recreation, not for just a few weeks each year, but right around the calendar. Florida living is healthful, outdoor living. And Florida's sensible tax laws are as kind to moderate, fixed incomes as its climate is to your health . . . For your retirement home, look first to Florida.



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mitted political suicide today." That referred to his vote against the Economy Act. Another was on May 28, 1943 when he told her, with a chuckle, "Well, Roberta, I resigned from the federal bench today." When he told her why, there was no argument. Their country was deep in a terrible war. Their oldest son was just entering the air corps at age 18. The Vinsons and the Fergusons and the Dixons and people like them place their country first, their families next, and their own desires somewhere down the line.

TWO political feuds, with which events Vinson had some familiarity from youth, played a part in his rapid moves to other wartime duties. The Henry Wallace-Jesse Jones problem caused Roosevelt, on March 5, 1945, to name Vinson Federal Loan Administrator. The resignation of James F. Byrnes caused his transfer on April 2, 1945, to become War Mobilization Director—the job called "assistant president" in Washington. Within a few days after that appointment Mr. Roosevelt died. On July 23, 1945 President Truman appointed Vinson his Secretary of the Treasury. In the spring of 1946 Chief Justice Stone died and the rivalries within the Supreme Court membership posed a new problem. Mr. Truman resolved it on June 6th by naming Fred M. Vinson to the second highest post in the government of the greatest nation on earth, Chief Justice of the United States. Each of these successive moves into places of great responsibility and much hard work won immediate approval by the Senate, by Washington officialdom which knew Vinson well, and by the country which had come to understand something of the Kentucky mountaineer who was not afraid of any assignment.

As Treasury chief Mr. Vinson implemented the international bank and fund

agreements, negotiated the loans to Britain and France, and planned the domestic fiscal policy for reconversion. His outlook upon a deeply troubled world and a nation trying to rediscover its course is recorded in his "Road to Tokyo" report, his Kentucky speech of June 7th last, his testimony in Senate hearings on Bretton Woods agreements and foreign loans to revive world economy. His long record in Congress is written in bills, hearings, speeches and debates. That much of it is very close to declared American Legion policies through the years is neither accident nor coincidence. Beliefs founded on a common love for the American scheme of life and constitutional government tend to find parallel lines of expression.

AS CHIEF Justice the gentleman from Kentucky did what he had done before—went immediately to work. Through the past summer, with the court in recess, he stayed in Washington working on the administrative duties of his office, which manages both the highest court and the executive arrangements of all federal district and circuit courts. The Chief Justice also presides at Supreme Court sessions and writes his share of decisions. To this, like other tasks, Fred Vinson brought a philosophy deep rooted in his heritage and moulded by years of legislative, executive and judicial responsibility. He has one favorite quotation, which is not found in any glossary and probably originated with the man who told it to him, Dr. Arthur T. McCormack, late Public Health Director for Kentucky. Vinson thinks Dr. McCormack was a great American. The quotation, which Mr. Chief Justice Vinson recites slowly is:

*"He is better who lights a candle
Than he who curses the darkness."*

Think that over.

IMPULSES

By Ponce De Leon



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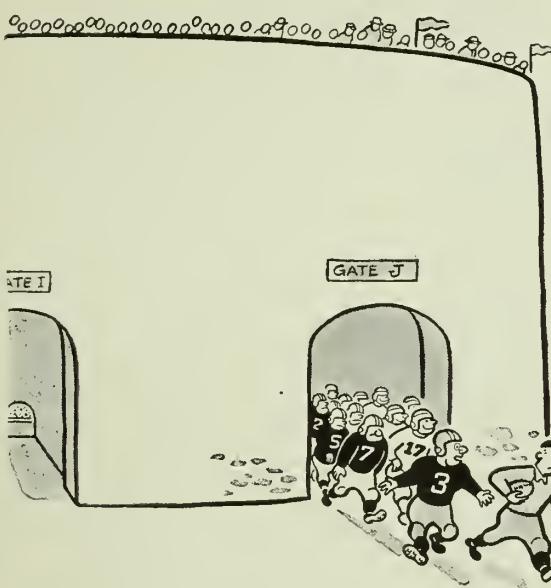
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"I don't care how dirty we play, you can't penalize us this much!"

THE \$100,000,000 FOOTBALL ROBBERY

(Continued from page 27)

paved the way in Washington in 1937 Richards took one look at the Washington results, discovered the size of the Redskins' band, and looked for one bigger. He went over to Wayne University and hired its 120-piece band. Richards knew that no ordinary college band was quite enough, so he ordered the largest drum ever to be manufactured, and got it after some difficulty, for it was so big there was trouble getting it out of the factory.

When, in the natural course of events, the Lions moved from their puny lair in Detroit University Stadium over into the big league confines of Briggs Stadium, Richards pulled out all the stops in presenting his inaugural show. Mascots and clowns in lion hides roamed the sidelines (as lions in lesser numbers have always done at Columbia University, tigers at Princeton, bears at Brown, mules at Army, goats at Navy, etc.) But the college try wasn't enough for a big time showman. From the Pacific Coast, where yellow chrysanthemums grow the largest, Richards had a special plane fly a load of the giant flowers into the stadium for distribution among the lady spectators.

Richards sold out in 1940 and let Fred Mandel, Chicago merchant, have Jimmy Conzelman's \$50 lemon as a \$200,000 plum—with no real estate involved, just a good football team and some super college color. Mandel kept the band.

The pros have only scratched the surface of their rah-rah intentions. With the establishment of the All-America Conference as a rival major league, the National Football League must look to its laurels. The All-America is going to bear down on the college atmosphere for Gus Fan, has the backing to do it, and has already filed

intentions. It is taxicab magnate Arthur McBride, Cleveland All-America owner, who engaged Bird as an \$8500 band leader. Larry MacPhail, Yankee baseball president, is one of the owners of the New York All-America gridsters, and Larry, no novice at showmanship, must compete for attendance with potent National League rivalry.

Conjecture for yourself what sort of a show the new Los Angeles All-America Conference club will stage with Hollywood at its door and actors Bing Crosby and Don Ameche owning large interests in the team.

What will really make the Los Angeles football show click is that the Cleveland franchise in the National Football League has moved to Los Angeles too, this year, along with the champion Cleveland Rams team—which also has a Hollywood tie-up. Thus the madcap Los Angeles area is seeing not one, but two, brand new major league teams starting off from scratch in that locale in the same year. Just what they will do with the football game when Hollywood clashes with Hollywood in a bid for football showmanship defies imagination. They may have to move it into a back lot to make room for the girlies, bands, cheer leaders, clowns, wild animals and celebrities.

IT WAS not always as it is. The college tricks have sure-fire drawing power for the sidewalk alumni, but once upon a time you had to back that conviction up with money just to find out if it were true—and at that time professional football was a bum. Back in the early Twenties, like some illegitimate offspring of the college purists, the play-for-pay game was operating chiefly in the leaky-roof parks near

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the coal fields, shunned by college folks and seemingly doomed to a crumb-catching existence in the shadows of the collegiate game. Everybody knew what pro football was—a refuge for shiftless tramp athletes who couldn't make a living otherwise, and couldn't make much of a living at pro football. The lineups were loaded with ex-college men who deemed it discreet to play under assumed names.

Here was a sport that had borrowed the game and the players from the colleges and couldn't make a go of it. How much money would you have bet then that what the disreputable tanktown game needed was to have more dough sunk into better players, and still more sunk into yet another steal from the colleges—some big-time rah-rah for the common man? It would take imagination and courage to lay the money on the line.

When the Chicago Bears lured Red Grange into quitting the University of Illinois at the close of the college football season in 1925 it was viewed for what it was, a publicity stunt. Grange would get big money, but the other players in the league were still playing for as little as \$25 a game—and even less.

It was a long haul for the pros. As late as 1926 the National Football League, then five years old, was a ridiculous, loosely organized, unwieldy joke circuit that inspired no public confidence, and embraced 21 clubs, including a dozen fly-by-night franchises. It was attempting to operate in such places as Pottsville, Canton, Racine, Frankford, Dayton and Duluth. Big league stuff won't work in places of such size, the singular success of the city-owned Green Bay Packers notwithstanding.

A breakup occurred in 1933 when the league was reduced to ten clubs and the smart operators began to take hold in the big cities that held franchises. They deduced what the football-goers wanted—the wide-open football that featured long runs, forward and lateral passing attacks, and field goals—and they set out to make pro football the thrill game.

The Chicago Bears, with their spectacular T-formation, the Green Bay Packers with their thrill-passing, featuring Arnold

Herber and Don Hutson; the Detroit Lions with Dutch Clark, and the New York Giants with Tuffy Leemans began to win recognition as the titans of the game. And in 1932 George Preston Marshall moved into Boston as the franchise owner and began to challenge Owner-coach George Halas of the Bears as Mr. Big of the pro football business. Big League baseball owners, their parks vacant in the fall, happily rented out to pro football clubs and began to rake in fancy fees based on percentages. The baseball parks lent a big league atmosphere to money-football, and the customers, hungry for the high-scoring game that the pros featured with their open tactics, began to flow in. In 1944 Clark Griffith, owner of Griffith Stadium in Washington, to which Marshall had moved from Boston, reaped more than \$60,000 in rental from the super-collegiate Redskins.

IN A thrilling game at the Polo Grounds in New York in 1939 evidence was on hand that the final double-barreled steal from the colleges had been committed. Bo Russell went back to place-kick for Washington. If he made it the Redskins would win over the Giants 10-9. If he missed, Washington seemed doomed to lose, 9-7. As 52,000 fans edged forward, Russell carefully swung his foot and the ball hurtled toward the goal posts.

It was close. Did he make it? No! said white-shirted Bill Halloran's low-spread, gesturing arms. No good!

What! No good! Onto a New York field poured a thousand Washington fans to protest that Halloran had robbed them. Halloran's decision stood, and the Giants won after the New York field was cleared of Washington citizenry.

Maybe Halloran hadn't robbed them, but to long-time professional football observers a robbery had been committed, for a traveling entourage of over a thousand fans, following a team out of town to victory or defeat, had until then generally been considered the sacred property of the colleges.

But that wasn't the only low blow the college game suffered in the Halloran



deal. High up in the press box a bottle-happy Redskin fan staggered in to register his own protest of the field goal decision—between hics.

"It was good (hic) . . . I saw two sets of goal posts . . . and I know damwell one of them balls went through one set of them posts."

Here was the real sacrilege. The pro game, building itself on the foundations of college football, moving in on the fan interest that stemmed from the college game, improving on every feature it stole, had now captured that holy of holies, that important customer, the inebriate fan.

THE pros won't run college football out of business, but they have made a place for themselves and the colleges are beginning to feel it. The tables are turned, and the colleges are now sprucing up their own game with the pros' T-formation featuring man-in-motion, and appropriating the pro idea of permitting a forward pass from any point behind the line of scrimmage.

It's all very honorable to be a pro football player in this age, and the college coaches take their squads to pro games on Sunday to show them how better football played.

It wasn't like that when a Dartmouth player scorned Dartmouth tradition and joined the pros as recently as 1935 on the promise he would be paid a hundred dollars a game for ten games. On his first ball-carrying attempt he was knocked loose from his senses and battered ten yards out of bounds. He felt somebody helping him to his feet and then recognized his tackler as burly Mel Hein, of the Giants, who was saying:

"Sonny, ain't this a hell of a way to make a living?"

FOR THE ATOMIC AGE

CONTINUING the cordial co-operation which it has accorded the National Education Association over the years, the American Legion, through its Americanism Division, is asking Posts to co-operate locally in the observance of National Education week, Nov. 10-16. The general theme of the week is to be "Education for the Atomic Age," and the subjects for each day are:

- Sunday, Nov. 10—
Practising Brotherhood
- Monday, Nov. 11—
Building World Security
- Tuesday, Nov. 12—
Facing New Tasks
- Wednesday, Nov. 13—
Developing Better Communities
- Thursday, Nov. 14—
Strengthening Home Life
- Friday, Nov. 15—
Investing in Education
- Saturday, Nov. 16—
Promoting Health and Safety



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Sports Varieties



Rah! Rah! Rah!

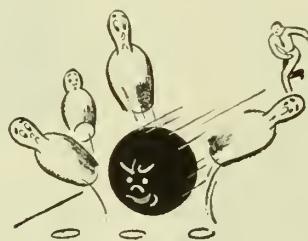
SHIRLEY POVICH'S article in this issue to the contrary, a little college spirit can be a dangerous thing in pro football—as Steve Owen, N. Y. Giants coach, discovered in 1923 when he was playing left tackle for the barnstorming Kansas City Cowboys.

The Cowboys were bolstered for their season's last game against the Rock Island, Ill., Independents by the importation of a 220-lb. right tackle, Swede Burquist by name, fresh out of the University of Minnesota.

Behind 12-7, with two minutes of the game remaining, the Cowboys were on the Rock Island 1-yard line. Fourth down and goal to go!

As the Cowboy quarterback barked signals for the play which might decide the game, Burquist reared up in his tackle position. He shook a clenched fist, motioned dramatically toward the Rock Island goal, and roared in a voice that could be heard in downtown Chicago: "COME ON, GANG, WE SHALL NOT BE DENIED!"

Whereupon the Cowboy fullback burst out laughing and fumbled the snap from center, losing five yards and the game.—By Lt. W. C. Fay.



Hit Those "Impossible" Splits Hard!

MANY bowlers will agree with the American Bowling Congress that scoring a perfect 300 game is simple compared to making good on some of bowling's tough splits. There have been arguments galore about the making of the 7-10 split, for example. A goodly number of keglers don't think the 7-10 possible, let alone old "double pinocle"—4-7, 6-10. Both splits are made, however, though not as frequently as 300 is scored. No skill, beyond a fast ball, is required to make these tough splits—it all depends on a lucky bounce of the ball or pins off a new, hard, back cushion onto dead pins arrayed in a certain lucky way in the pit, thence back onto that lucky spot on the alley where the remaining pins still stand.

During a seven month period this season the ABC collected official records of .52 perfect games, forty-four 299 games, 19 successes with the 7-10 split and 6 conversions of "double pinocle." But the ABC has no record of the 5-7-10 split ever having been made into a spare.—By Bob Deindorfer.

The Ruin of Bruin

BISHOP ROY HAMPTON of North Carolina's Conservation Department, tells of the keen-nosed Carolina bear who found some new-made corn mash. Like any rugged mountaineer, the bear greedily helped himself and developed a rip-roaring jag. Bruin was discovered in an alcoholic coma and was tied up, sobered up and then exhibited at a filling station as the "most intemperate and remorseful bear in Tyrell County."—By Jay Dender.

How's That Again, Coach?

FOLKS around Defiance, Ohio, still tell of the freak accident which rounded out one of Knute Rockne's greatest football teams. In an early season game back in the Twenties Rockne yelled down the bench to a substitute. He didn't plan to use the Defiance sophomore, he wanted him to throw his headgear to a lineman on the field who had ripped the chinstrap on his own helmet. The rookie ball-carrier didn't quite get all of Rock's message. He thought he was being substituted into the game, so he raced out on the field, usurped a first-team backfield position, and gave an impressive demonstration of how to carry a football.

And that's how Don Miller won his position, with Elmer Layden, Harry Stuhldreher and Jim Crowley, as one of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame.—By Bob Greene.



The Biggest One Got Away, But . . .

NORMAN PERKINS of Orland, Maine, never had better hunting.

He just had lined his sights on a big buck deer when a bobcat jumped on the animal's back. Perkins shifted his aim, shot the cat—and the deer escaped.—By U. R. Towns.

BUCKS I HAVE KNOWN

(Continued from page 29)

should never count on that. It is true that if he does not wind you and does not see you move, he may run over you. But he instantly detects, even at a considerable distance, the slightest movement.

The wild deer's chief insurance is his wonderful nose. Of course, his ability to wind you varies with conditions of the weather. I should say that with a damp breeze blowing, an old buck can smell a man at a distance of nearly a mile. At night, scent carries far and heavy. On scenting a man a buck will sometimes snort or whistle; but he is not likely to get panicky. If he is afoot, he will move off; if couched, he may stay right where he is. He spends his life estimating chances; and on the average he outguesses a man two to one.

A final form of his insurance is the deer's ability, even when he knows he is in danger, to stand or to lie motionless for long periods of time. He is so statuesque, and he so blends with his surroundings that it is often almost impossible to see him. It is amazing how even a big buck, standing in comparatively open timber, is often not even seen until he moves. This fine self-discipline of keeping still gives him an immense advantage over the careless, restless, and noisy hunter. He knows all about the man's approach, and understands his intent, long before the man even detects his lordly presence.

When one describes the white-tail's physical vigor, it is difficult to exaggerate. Once I roused a stag on the edge of a lonely sea-beach. He ran down the hard sand, taking, as I thought, fair but not prodigious leaps! Yet one of these jumps was 33 feet. So apparently without limit is the wild deer's agility that I am inclined to accept as true what an old woodsman once said to me: "A deer can jump just as high and just as far as he has to." The white-tail is an expert and tireless swimmer. I have known one to cross a 3-mile estuary between barrier islands. And he sustains, and sometimes recovers from, wounds that would soon be fatal to a man.

In Poe's story, *The Purloined Letter*, the letter is "hidden" right out in the open where nobody can find it. The crafty wildwood creature will sometimes imitate the hider of that letter. I remember how one season we hunted for a famous stag we had christened the Blackhorn Buck. He carried record antlers. But we never found him. The day after the season closed I was approached by an old Negro who lives on the borders of my place.

"Cap'n," he said, "how come you ain't hunt de big buck?"

I told him of ceaseless efforts in that direction.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will show you something."

He took me over to his little cabin which

staggered in a one-acre field of desolate fennel and broomsedge. In that small area we counted sixteen beds. Some of these were within thirty yards of his cabin. While we had been ranging the far wildwoods in search of this old, rough-shod veteran, he had been sardonically drowsing right in this Negro's front yard! It has been my experience that a wise old buck comes to know where hunters think they will find him; and he deftly arranges not to be there.

A GOOD deal of bad luck in deer-hunting comes from the hunter's failure to understand the nature of his game. In woodcraft the deer is a man's superior. He is a master strategist at sensing and in avoiding danger. Hunters who smoke, who fidget, who read newspapers, who pace up and down—these are the ones who have to stop at a store on the way home to buy something for Sunday dinner.

Once while deer-hunting in the snowy Pennsylvania mountains I got lost. I was very cold, tired, and discouraged even before I realized that I had lost my bearings. It had been a fruitless day for me; but now I cared less about getting a buck than about getting home. I decided to climb the highest peak near me to see whether I could not discover from that elevation some familiar landmark. It was bitter cold; the rocks were icy; the climb was a hard one. The crest of the eminence I had as a goal was a wild cairn of tumbled boulders, bleak and forbidding. While I was crawling up the last of these, a great stag eased himself out of his bed



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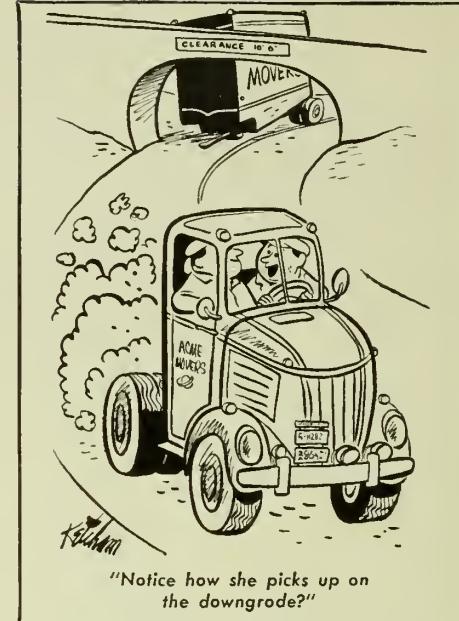
Size: Measure chest under arms _____

Name _____

Address _____

on this lonely peak; and he knew his way down far better than I knew anything at all just then. I was so taken by surprise to find deer in such a place that I never even shot at him. Nor have I ever regretted not having done so; for even a defeated hunter cannot escape a feeling of sullen admiration for game that has outwitted him. That old boy had figured no hunter would climb that peak that day; and, really, he was right; for I came, not as a hunter, but as a lost wanderer. Just to see that stag repaid me for my climb; besides, I got my bearings safely.

Of all big game animals, the white-tail takes kindliest to civilization. From most states, wolves and panthers, their natural enemies, have disappeared. Where these are absent, deer have hardly any enemies. I have, indeed, known a wounded buck to be pulled down by a bull alligator when the stag was swimming a river; but I have never known an unwounded deer to be killed by one of these grim raiders. It might be supposed that, in the Deep South, the monstrous diamondback rattlesnake kill deer. The reverse, however, is true; I have found several of these vicious snakes that had been killed by deer. Capable of adapting himself to changing conditions incident to the advance of civilization, virile and prolific, wise and



"Notice how she picks up on the downgrade?"

vigilant, the white-tail has amazingly survived the encroachments of man. And if we go back to the far days of Jamestown and Plymouth, we may say with certainty that it was the white-tail deer that enabled our earliest colonists to survive their first few terrible years on this new continent.

TUMBLEWEED

(Continued from page 15)

getting into," she said. She stood, looking down at him. "Can you use that gun?"

His eyebrows lifted, then an amused smile lengthened his lips. "It's an accomplishment of mine," he admitted.

Her lips tightened. "It's not as humorous as you might think. The last man we hired was killed over a week ago, making this run. There's a particularly bad spot on the road where the pass cuts through Ghost Ridge. There's a five hundred foot drop, and the stage was found smashed at the bottom of it. Hank was with it."

He shrugged. "Accident?"
"Maybe." She frowned. "I'll put the

situation to you in a few words. We have a government mail contract to fill—it is renewable next week. However, if our stage doesn't make this last run into St. Joseph on schedule, the contract becomes void and we are automatically barred from a renewal."

"Who stands to gain?"

"Sam Rivers. Sam owns the Rivers Freight Company. He's losing money. With the government contract he'll come out ahead."

Tumbleweed remembered the stocky man with the watch chain. It was an old game, he thought. This country was still half wild, and competition was of the slam-bang variety. Victory went with the strongest arm, the fastest gun hand.

The girl seemed to sense his thoughts. She put her hands in her pockets and her voice softened. "Still want to take the job?"

He grinned. "When do I start?"

Marjorie smiled. "In the morning. At eight."

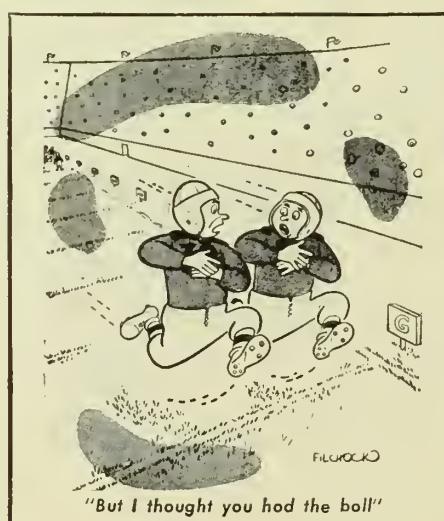
He got up and retrieved his hat. He was a little over six feet tall and, standing close to her, he noted that she came level with his eyes. The fact pleased him.

"Let's go see Elijah," she said.

"Elijah?"

"Our handy man," she explained. "Takes care of the horses and equipment."

A shadow fell across the threshold and moved into the room. The man behind it said: "Mornin', Miss Taylor."



Sam Rivers looked bigger standing in the doorway, sure of himself. Sam was always sure of himself. He hadn't met a man yet who could make him back down from anything he wanted.

HE WAS blunt. "I've come to make my last offer. Five thousand for the Taylor Stage Line."

The girl looked at him with contempt. "No."

"It ain't worth three. I'm being generous."

"You don't know the meaning of the word," Marjorie said.

Rivers' voice became unpleasant. "You're a stubborn li'l . . ."

"The lady said no," Tumbleweed intruded smoothly.

Rivers shifted hard eyes to him. "You the new driver?"

Tumbleweed nodded.

"Better change yore mind," Rivers said. "Yo're liable to get hurt."

There was a flat silence as he turned and went out. Marjorie stared after his retreating figure. Her face was white.

Tumbleweed frowned. "You were talkin' about Elijah," he reminded softly.

Marjorie pulled herself together. "Oh . . . yes . . . this way. Out the back door."

Elijah was sitting on a box in front of the barn. He was smoking a corn cob pipe. He nodded as Marjorie approached.

"This is Tumbleweed, Elijah," the girl said. "He's driving the stage tomorrow."

The old man squinted pale eyes. "I'll have them ready for you, Tumbleweed."

They went back to the office. Marjorie used the wall map for a guide and explained certain bad features of the trail to Tumbleweed. Her eyes were serious as she concluded: "Whether or not the Taylor Stage Line keeps in business depends on you now, Tumbleweed. We've got to make this last run into St. Joseph on time."

She was standing close, looking up at

him, and the worried lines over her nose made her look small and appealing. An irresistible impulse took hold of Tumbleweed. He wanted to put his hands on her shoulders and kiss her, but instead he stood there toying with his hat.

"I'll be here in the mornin'," he said.

He went out, untied his roan, and led the animal across the street to a public stable. He stripped saddle and gear from the horse and stowed it in a rack by the stall. He forked some hay and then lingered, patting the sleek flank with the gesture of a man who thinks of his mount as a close friend. "This'll give you a rest, boy," he said softly. "Take it easy until I get back."

He turned—and stopped.

The stable housed a dozen stalls, and beyond them the wide doors made a frame of the dusty street. Sam Rivers stood in the doorway, dark and solid.

"The Taylor girl promised you five hundred if you drove tomorrow," he said without preamble. "I'll up the ante another five hundred if you'll forget it."

"Yo're persistent," Tumbleweed said.

The other shrugged. "I go after what I want." He took a roll from his pocket and peeled off bills. "Take it an' ride, stranger. You can be a long way from here by sundown."

Tumbleweed slid a hand into a trouser pocket and came up with a silver dollar. He slid it between long fingers. "I'll match you," he said flatly. "To see who takes that trail out of town."

The heavy good nature went out of Rivers' face. "Stick around an' get hurt!" he said harshly.

TUMBLEWEED got a room for the night in the only hotel in town and then went down and ate in the dining room. He sat by the window and watched dusk ooze over the dusty street. Just another town. He had lost track of them since he had left home.

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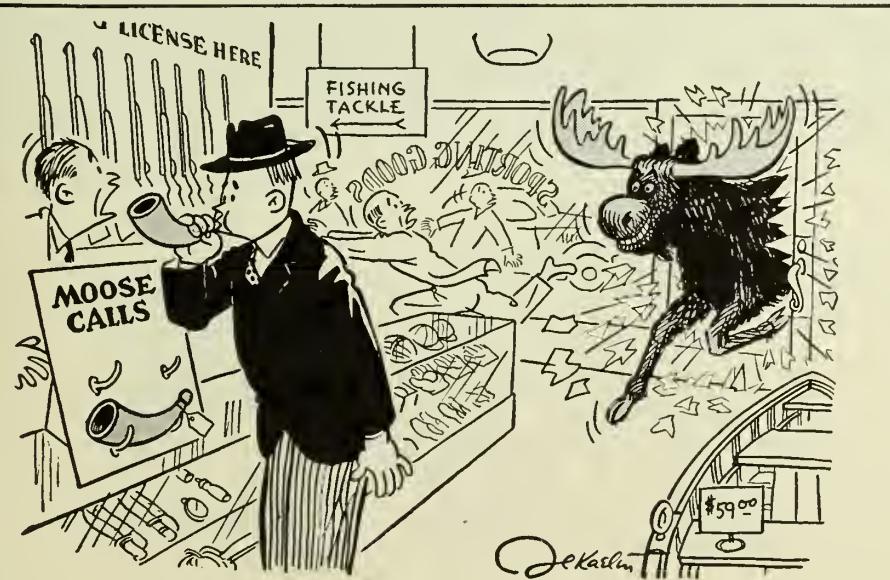
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He had been sixteen then. He was nearing thirty now and sometimes he felt sharp longings, the need to settle down.

Tumbleweed! Red Anders, who had ridden with him for Tumbling V, had named him that, long ago. It had stuck in his fancy. For ten years he had lived the life of a tumbleweed, blown along by the winds of chance, tarrying only when an obstruction got in his way, rolling again when the wind shifted.

The buzz of voices about him were soft and peaceful. Somewhere a church bell tolled.

Tumbleweed rose, paid his check, and went upstairs. His room was on the second floor, at the end of a narrow hall. It was dark now. He opened the door and hesitated, searching his pockets for a match. He found one, stepped inside, and wiped it on the wall.

The flame seemed to puff up into a gigantic explosion in his head. The man who had been waiting behind the door hit him again as he fell.

TUMBLEWEED lay like a sack across a saddle. His hands and feet were tied and his nose was buried against a hot flank. His head ached. The animal moved restlessly and a voice said: "Make sure he doesn't come back, Poke."

He raised his head. He got a glimpse of a shadowy figure standing close by before his head was pushed down roughly by the man in saddle.

"He won't," Poke said.

Tumbleweed lay still. But the heavy watch chain looped across the vest front of the shadowy figure remained in his mind.

Crisp peeling of paper, which might have been money changing hands, made a rustling sound.

A moment later the animal under him moved. Head down, he couldn't tell when they left town. Each jolt seemed to drive a spike between his temples.

His captors rode in silence. It seemed

hours before the man whose knees pressed against him said. "Reckon this is as good a place as any, Sleepy."

They stopped.

"We should have held out for more money," Sleepy said. "If that gal starts askin' questions—"

"What answers kin she get?" Poke snapped. "Just a stranger who changed his mind. You've got his cayuse. Keep it under cover until the whole thing blows over. There'll be no kickback."

Poke's horse snorted restlessly. Its hide was steaming and the sweaty, rancid odor of its flanks burned Tumbleweed's nostrils. He spread his hands. They were tied at the wrists, allowing his long fingers play. He wondered if that would help in the next fatal seconds.

"All right," Sleepy agreed. "Might as well finish the job here. We can dump the body into the river."

Poke leaned over and grasped Tumbleweed by the shoulders. Tumbleweed lay like a sack. Poke grunted, got his two hands on Tumbleweed's shoulders.

Tumbleweed twisted under him. His sinewy hands reached up and closed in on Poke's shirt front.

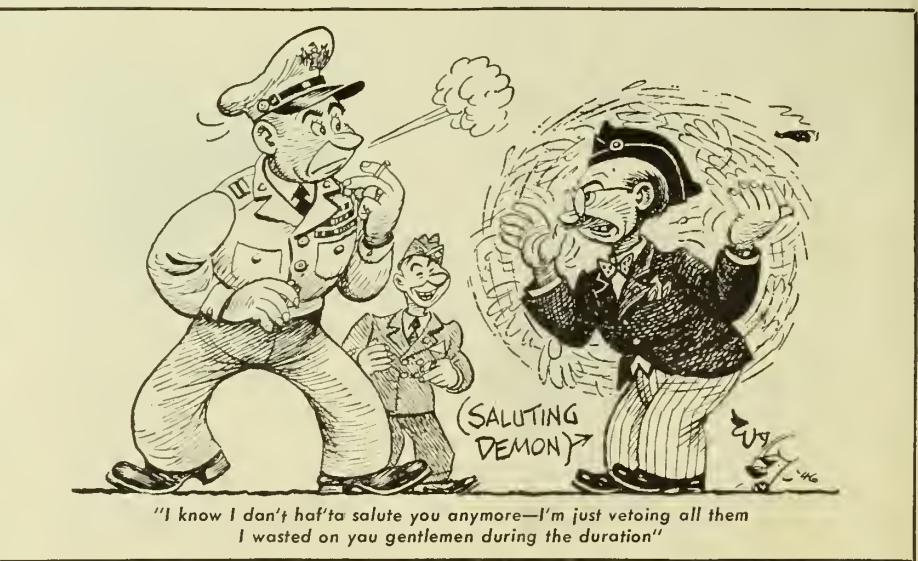
They fell together as the startled horse reared.

Poke let out a muffled cry as Tumbleweed fell on top of him. From the darkness Sleepy said: "What the hell!"

Tumbleweed's fingers reached Poke's holstered Colt before those of the half-stunned killer. He didn't waste time trying to pull the .45 free. He twisted the holster in against Poke's side and pulled trigger.

The heavy explosion drowned out Poke's cry.

Tumbleweed was bunched like a trussed steer. He rolled free of the writhing body and had the gun free of the holster just as Sleepy spurred up. Sleepy was a plain target against the star-lighted sky. He hadn't yet realized what had happened. "Poke!" he called anxiously. "You all right?"





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Whether you're giving or getting an electric shaver this Christmas, remember:

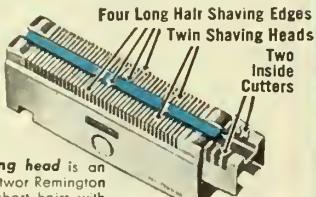
The new postwar Remingtons are the fastest, most efficient shaving implements known to man. Whether you choose a Remington Foursome, Threesome or Dual, you are getting a shaver that will really shave — fast, close and smooth. All Remingtons operate equally well on AC and DC, and they come in handsome, satin-lined presentation cases.

THE REMINGTON FOURSOME with the sensational Blue Streak head is Remington's latest and finest model — five years ahead of any shaver you've ever seen. It has two highly effective round heads, plus the new Blue Streak twin shaving head — the equivalent of four single-head shavers . . . \$19.50.

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Tumbleweed hunched to his knees. Poke's Colt was in his hands. He looked like a man praying, his hands clasped in front of him. Only no one ever prayed with a Colt.

He fired.

Sleepy jerked. Flame from the Colt in his hand lanced down at Tumbleweed.

Tumbleweed fired again.

Sleepy groaned and tipped forward. He slid along his horse's neck and fell, still holding onto his gun.

Tumbleweed wiped blood from his right eye with his sleeve. Hunching himself forward he reached Poke's body. He found a knife in the man's pocket. Lying on his side he started to cut himself free . . .

THE six horse team stamped restlessly in front of the Taylor Stage office. Marjorie was on the steps, waiting. Elijah stood by the leaders, his smelly corn cob sending up lazy curls of smoke.

A nervous passenger looked at the girl. "It's eight o'clock," he said. "When do we get going?"

The girl did not answer.

She watched Rivers come across the street toward the waiting stage. He was smiling confidently, a cigar between thick lips.

"Good mornin'," he said pleasantly. "Where's yore driver?"

Marjorie bit her lips. "Perhaps you could tell me," she said stiffly. She looked close to tears.

"I'd say he just vamoosed," Rivers said. A few townsmen had gathered expectantly around the stage. The nervous passenger got out and started to haul his baggage from the top of the vehicle.

Rivers laughed. "Goes to show you can't depend on anyone these days."

"No," the girl said. "I—I . . . guess I can't." Her chin quivered. "You win, Rivers. I hope you're satisfied." She turned resignedly and started for the office.

"No," a familiar voice said. "No . . . Rivers doesn't win."

Marjorie stopped. For a moment she stood as if she couldn't believe. Then she turned.

Tumbleweed was coming toward the group around the stage—a grim, dusty man with a slight limp. His red bandana was knotted around his head. Dried blood made a ragged daub in the cloth over his right eye.

The men nearest Rivers parted as if scattered by invisible hands. The smile had frozen on Rivers' heavy face. His lips were thick and unmoving around his cigar.

"Poke is dead," Tumbleweed said. His voice was flat and deadly. "So's Sleepy. They won't be usin' the money you gave 'em, Sam!"

The stocky man's lips loosened and the cigar fell from his mouth, trailing ashes down the front of his coat. "You can't prove . . ."

"I'm not aimin' to," Tumbleweed interrupted. He had slowed in his stride, but he still moved toward Rivers, and his intentions were plain for Sam to read.

The big man slouched. "I said you'd get hurt," he suddenly snarled, dropping all pretense. "I gave you a chance yesterday. You should have taken . . ."

It was an old trick, but he banked on it to give him the slight edge of surprise. He drew as he talked.

Tumbleweed's right hand blurred. He shot twice, from the hip.

The lead horses hitched to the stage reared with fright. Elijah caught the bit of the nearest animal and held the team from bolting.

Silence seemed to flow back into the street after the heavy explosions. Onlookers stared at Rivers' huddled body.

TUMBLEWEED holstered a still smoking Colt. He moved away, went up the steps where a whitefaced girl waited in rigid wonder.

"Let's go in and take another look at that map," he suggested calmly, "and maybe someone better call the sheriff."

Marjorie nodded mutely and turned to the office. He followed. She stopped by the desk and mechanically picked up a pencil. She used it as a pointer as she said: "The bad point in the trail comes about here—"

Tumbleweed took her by the shoulders and pulled her gently around.

"The name is Martin Steele," he said. "Remember it, Marjorie. Martin Steele. Tell the Sheriff I'll be back."

He turned and went out to the waiting stage. Marjorie looked down at the pencil in her hand and slowly let it slip through her fingers.

"Martin Steele," she repeated, and smiled.

THAT GI INSURANCE

GEneral OMAR BRADLEY, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, reports that ninety billion dollars worth of GI insurance has been permitted to lapse. Ten million eligible veterans now lack National Service Life Insurance coverage, which means that less than one of four WW2 vets has premiums paid to date.

Under the Legion-sponsored liberalized Insurance Act these veterans are now given opportunity to reinstate their insurance, or take the maximum \$10,000, under various life and endowment plans by payment of premiums for two months.

Time for reinstatement is extended, also, to eight years if the policy was written before January 1, 1945, and to five years if written after that date. No medical examination is required if the applicant says his physical condition is unchanged.

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TIME TO BALANCE YOUR BOOKS

(Continued from page 18)

had never earned a livelihood before they went away and, consequently, were not in a position to assume serious responsibilities. Whatever these young fellows have saved during their military service is at the least a temporary reserve for them.

But the Armed Forces were not made up exclusively of kids. At the war's peak, the average age of the GI was 26 years, which means that just as many soldiers were over that age as under it, and it is these older men—men who had attained a mature earning capacity and undertaken real responsibilities before they entered the service—who are now taking the worst financial shellacking. Life isn't starting afresh for them by any means. The day they take off their uniforms, thousands of them are having to pick up old debt burdens and, in the great majority of cases, they are finding them heavier than in the past.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act stipulates that interest on judgments against service men shall not exceed 6 percent per annum, but the veteran must act within 90 days after discharge to take advantage of this provision. It by no means forgives a debt—anywhere, any time, no matter how long a man was in service.

A red-headed sailor whom I will call Jack borrowed \$80 from a personal finance company just before he joined the Navy. He then spent 57 months on submarine duty in the Pacific and was so busy dodging Jap destroyers most of the time that he didn't worry about the debt. Then, when he had got out of the Navy, he had so many other things to do that he let four months slip by before he went around to the finance company to settle up. He nearly dropped dead when he discovered that his debt of \$80 had grown up, through interest compounded monthly, to one of \$400.

Jack flatly refused to pay that sum, and the creditor promptly slapped a garnishee on his pay when he went back to his old job. Jack wasn't licked so easily, however. He had a little chat with his boss and, the next day, he completely disappeared. Jack hasn't been seen since, but his twin brother, who looks exactly like him but has different initials and a different Social Security number, is now holding down Jack's old job—and the finance company is holding the bag.

None of us will shed crocodile tears over that, I am sure, but it is shameful in the extreme that any war veteran should have to resort to such illegal subterfuges to escape the clutches of gougers who stayed at home compounding interest while he was risking his life for his country. The case of Jack, the sailor, is a somewhat unusual one, yet I found that many legal advisers to veterans could match it with other cases just as outrageous.

I do not mean to imply that all credit organizations are black-hearted vultures. The majority of them have been reasonably lenient toward the veteran in debt. Most companies have not charged usurious rates of interest, and some few of them have been really splendid in their dealings with ex-service personnel. It is true, however, that a great many veterans find themselves in financial hot water.

Thousands of men have not only misunderstood the law, but have failed to realize that it doesn't always operate automatically to protect them. That is largely up to the man himself. The majority of his creditors do not possess divine prescience and therefore cannot know when a man changes into uniform or out of one. The debtor must keep them informed on his status. If his privileges are infringed upon, it is up to him and no one else to demand his rights.

It is easy to understand, of course, why many of the boys have been hazy about their financial status. GIs who were sweltering in the fetid foxholes of Iwo Jima, shivering in the mud of the Ardennes, or creeping under live machine gun fire while in training here at home didn't worry too much about obligations they left behind. They were too busy trying to stay alive. Now that they are back into civilian life by the millions, however, they should apprise themselves of the benefits which the law holds for them.

If a veteran discovers that a finance company has charged him more than 6 percent annual interest on a loan while he was in service, for example, he should protest the charge at once. If the finance company gets tough and refuses to reduce the interest, he should get tough, too, and, within 90 days of his discharge, demand a court ruling. The court will, of course, decide in his favor.



In many other cases where a man finds that his debts have pyramided to such an extent that he can't hope to pay them off at once, he should go directly to his creditors and seek their co-operation. In nine cases out of ten, he will find that reputable firms will be glad to help him get back on his feet.

One man whom I heard about during my investigations owed more than \$500 on a life insurance policy when he got out of the Marine Corps and, having spent his mustering-out pay to get married on, he didn't have a chance of paying it off in the immediate future. When he took his problem to the insurance company, he was not only granted sixteen months in which to meet his obligation, but an official of the company sat down with him and his bride and helped them work out a practical family budget.

A great many other credit organizations are just as sympathetic to the problems of returning fighting men. The majority of insurance companies, banks, big mercantile concerns and tax-collecting agencies are more interested in seeing the veteran get back on his feet financially than they are in demanding their pound of flesh right away. There are others, of course, which are not, and the smartest thing a man can do when he finds himself in a jam with one of these hardboiled and unpatriotic outfits is to obtain legal aid.

The Veterans Administration cannot offer much assistance in this respect because, as I have said, private debt is nearly always a personal matter between debtor and creditor, but there are many other

THE USO-COMMUNITY CHEST CAMPAIGN

THE national campaign to raise funds for the USO, being carried on in conjunction with Community Chests of America, has received strong endorsement from General Omar N. Bradley, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, in the following statement:

"In bringing professional entertainers to Veterans Administration hospitals throughout the country, the USO-Camp Shows are doing an excellent job of improving the morale of our sick and disabled veterans. Medical experience has shown that good morale is a powerful factor in speeding the recovery of hospitalized veterans. During the war the USO provided topnotch entertainment for our men in the armed forces. Many of these men, now in hospitals, deserve and should have the same high quality of entertainment."

"The national campaign to raise funds to finance the activities of the USO during 1947 merits the approval and support of all Americans who have at heart the welfare of thousands of veterans who are fighting their way back to healthy and useful citizenship."

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Look again! Notice how the bruyere's natural-burl areas compliment those smooth, polished planes. In addition, a Sportsman smokes as sweet as it looks. That's fine imported bruyere you see — and there's plenty of it in bowl and shank, to absorb the heat and cool your smoke. For long, mellow smokes, and many of them — put your tobacco in a Sportsman.

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Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills. A stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years, Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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Shakespeare
Henry V, Scene 3, Act 2.



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agencies which stand ready to send a lawyer to the rescue of the veteran who is being rooked. The Army Personal Affairs Division, which has offices in each Corps Area, offers free legal advice to soldiers and veterans; free Legal Aid Societies operate in many of the larger cities and, most important of all, the American Bar Association has helped local committees throughout the nation to provide legal assistance for service men, veterans and their dependents. The ex-fighting man in trouble can always get a lawyer even if he is broke.

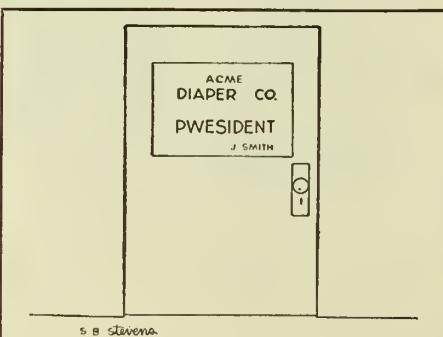
There are only a limited number of things which the veterans can do themselves, however, to lighten the mammoth load of debt which encumbers them. We must have enlightened legislative action and a more magnanimous attitude on the part of creditor organizations if their staggering obligations are to be relieved. It is possible that both may be realized.

A bill now pending in the New York Legislature proposes that in contracts hereafter entered into the rate of interest charged on a debt during a man or woman's period of military service shall not exceed 1½ or 2 percent per annum. There is every indication that this measure will become a law, and it seems probable that other states will enact similar legislation.

One of the large insurance companies, holder of mortgages on many millions of dollars worth of real estate throughout the nation, recently announced that it will waive interest for one year on \$2000 of principal on home and farm loans to veterans, and also waive interest for one year on the same basis for its present home and farm borrowers who have served 90 days or more in the Armed Forces.

This is a generous and patriotic gesture on the part of a great company, and it is to be hoped that many other credit organizations, large and small, will follow this lead. No reasonable person expects them to cancel veterans' obligations outright, but it surely isn't asking too much to suggest that they lower the interest on the debts of the men who saved their country.

Meanwhile, there is something which all of us can do to help our fighters get back on their feet financially. We can spike that silly lie which says they are sitting on top of the world. They are not.



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PLAY BY PLAY

(Continued from page 25)

dollar bill. She looked at him in surprise, smiling her thanks for his generosity. She would remember him.

"Write your name and address here," the girl told him, pushing a small card across the table. Johnson signed. That did it. His presence at the game was assured now if he needed witnesses.

He looked at his watch. Right on time, but no minutes to waste. Johnson went upstairs, walked the length of the seat section and hurried out the side door and back to his car, parked where he could drive it away easily. He turned on the car radio to the station which would broadcast the hockey game. His watch said 8:22. Time to pick up Thornton.

FROM here on the plan was simple. It ought to work. He had already established himself at the hockey game. Now he would listen to the play-by-play broadcast of the game on the radio. Between the first and second 20-minute periods of the game there would be a 10-minute rest period, enough time to accomplish his work. The time-out periods for penalties would give him more valuable minutes.

Thornton was waiting for him in front of his apartment house. He edged his slight body in the seat beside Johnson and they exchanged greetings. The hockey game was just starting and the announcer was beginning the play-by-play description. Johnson listened closely. He wanted to remember that game—play by play.

The drive out to Thornton's summer cottage took 18 minutes, one minute longer than Johnson had figured. Tall pines cast eerie shadows over the cabin, still boarded up since winter.

They sat in the car, at Johnson's suggestion, until the first period of the hockey game was over. Then Thornton got out of the car, Johnson pushing out behind him, the heavy wrench in his right hand. He didn't waste any time. Thornton's skull cracked with the first blow. Johnson could feel the sickening impact the length of his arm.

Carefully, Johnson grasped the slight body of his assistant and dragged him the length of the boat dock, extending fifty feet into the lake. The water there was deep enough. Johnson had measured it Sunday. The body slipped into the water with a slight splash, air bubbles rushing to the surface.

Johnson looked around him quickly at the silent darkness. He had left no evidence. He hurried back to the car. The radio was still on, turned down low. He was in luck. The second period hadn't started yet.

HIS headlights picked out the road home. Johnson listened to the game closely as he drove. It was a game in a thousand. The

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Greys, underdogs, were leading, 3 to 2. Johnson could picture himself telling his co-workers at the office about it tomorrow. This would be before they discovered Thornton's absence and the \$10,000 shortage.

He listened to the rest of the second period sitting in the car in his garage. As soon as the period ended he snapped off the car radio. He had ten minutes to get up to his apartment during the time-out for rest. Then he would listen to the third and final period on the radio in his room. He walked upstairs, meeting no one on the way. He hung up his hat and coat, and turned on the radio. He felt safe now, and completely confident.

The last period had not yet begun. The announcer was still talking.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. P. J. Smith, president of the Hockey League, will announce the name of the winner of the \$500 Savings Bond given by the Red Cross to the lucky hockey fan whose name was drawn from the barrel."

FAINTLY, over the air, Johnson could hear the voice of P. J. Smith. "The name of the lucky ticket holder . . . is Mr. Frank Johnson of 212 Winscott Road. Will Mr. Johnson come to the center of the ice to collect his prize?"

There was a moment's pause. Then P. J. Smith continued: "Mr. Johnson doesn't seem to be here. The young lady will now draw another name—"

Johnson clicked off the radio. He could feel beads of cold sweat forming on his face.

THE BIG WAR AND ME

(Continued from page 23)

SECOND STORY SHUTTERS! SLINGIN' SHOVELS OF SAND ON CIGARETTE SPARKS AND—but that's all over now, and there's just one thing I'd like to point out—one thing I'm pretty proud of. The whole time I was in charge of the air raid warning system in our district, not a single enemy plane ever got through us! No sir! In fact, when they got word through their spies that McGee was in charge, those enemy planes never even come within a thousand miles of Wistful Vista! It makes a fellow feel pretty good to know that the enemy still remembers him from The Big War!

Yessir, they still remember the Big Three of the Big War—a General, a Sergeant and a Private! Pershing, York and McGee!

I'LL never forget the day back in 1918 when Molly finally gave in to my combination of smooth talk, buggy rides and peanut brittle and says yes, she'll marry me. First thing we did, before we made any plans, was to rush over to my draft board and check up on my status. That was wrong. The draft man says, "McGee, your number won't come up for a year, if ever—

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and here at the Draft Board we figure the war to be over in 30 days. You and Molly go right ahead and get married—you're safe," he says.

Being new at the game, we took his advice and were married the next day. The next day after that I was on my way to Camp Forrest, Georgia.

We did a lot of marching around in Georgia mud and I got pretty used to it after awhile, till all at once one day I noticed the mud was a different color than usual. And right away I could see why that was, because this was French mud we were marching in this time. I still don't believe we marched all the way over there, like some of the fellows claimed, but anyhow it was in France that I won the Croix de Guerre and practically wound up the war then and there.

I was just standing there one day when two fellows came along and pushed me. Me and a buddy of mine pushed them back and their buddies pushed somebody else and the first thing we knew, the Big Push was on! Well sir, during the excitement, we sneaked through the German lines and captured ourselves a German general! We kept him in a little patch of woods behind his own lines hammering questions at him all night long, with a bayonet stuck up his back! How many men did he have with him? and how many cannons? and could we get any good beer when we got to Berlin and all stuff like that there. He seen we had him and he answered every question, too. Finally, when we'd asked him everything we wanted to know, we threw the guy out and sneaked back to our own lines. And that's how I won the Croix de Guerre. If any of us had understood German, so we'd of known what he told us, we'd probably have won the Congressional Medal of Honor!

I read about the government giving some fellow a medal last week for something he did in the Spanish-American War, so I guess I'll be getting my Croix de Guerre any day now.

AH, good old 1918 and the big War! I'll never forget it—Molly says she's afraid. I know I'll never forget one incident in that war that shaped my whole career. Just three little words that changed the whole course of my life! There we were, just getting off the boat at Newport News—all that wonderful bunch of fellows who'd been through thick and thin together... thick mud and thin underwear. Buddies, one and all!

We knew that lots of us would never see lots of us again. It was all pretty sentimental. Then all of a sudden my old top sergeant came up to me, and put his arm around my shoulders and said those three little words! Those three words I'd been waiting for years to hear him say: "Go Home, Civilian!"

I went.

November, 1946



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PARTING SHOTS



1940 Blitz Story Told!

IN A lengthy statement, Heinrich Raus vonhaus Von und Zu Schnitzel, ex-Nazi Field Marshal, has told the German version of the powerful blitzkrieg attack on the low countries which marked the end of the "phony war" in the spring of 1940. This attack, which crushed Holland and Belgium and set the stage for the French surrender, ended in the heroic Dunkirk evacuation and the smashing of a vast German invasion fleet in the English Channel. Raus vonhaus' statement follows:

Der Dutchers und Belgers vas greeten der Springen. Birders bin ge-tweeten und twitteren und der fielders vas out-poppen mit budden-bloomen. Das younger-folken bin billen und cooen und wooen-pitchen. Der elder-folken vas ge-drinken das lager-brew mit grosser foamen-headen, und den sleepen mit snoren und wheezen.

In der Reich bin muchen preparen mit hustlen und bustlen und grosser goosen-steppen. Der sneakers und spyers vas ge-plantern der bridgers und dikers mit minen und boober-trappen.

Suddener das Wehrmacht bin hitten mit ein tunner-bricken und razzer-dazzlen! Der machinen-gunnen vas out-spitten mit ratter-tatten und der panzers ben ge-rolled mit grosser rumblen!

Bridgers und dikers vas uppen-ge-blowen und der stukas ben ge-bomben mit steepen-diven! Der Englischers und Frenchers vas in-ge-rushen mitout succeeden und bin backen-tracken mit heelen-flyen! Der Reich vas cracken der defensers mit ober-stormen und gechasen der Englischers! Der troopers ben ge-reachen Dunkirkens!

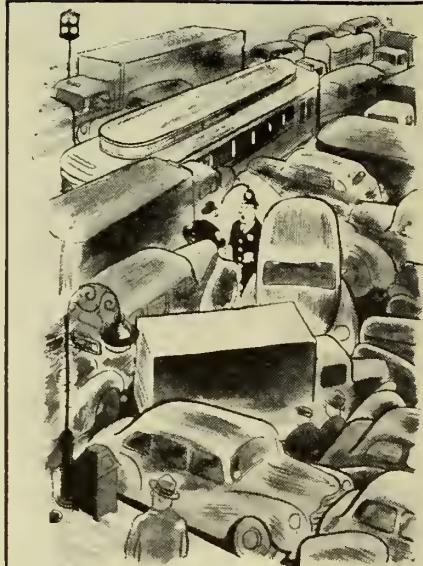
Das Channel vas ober-floaten mit steamen-boaten und sailen-boaten und der Englischers bin escapen.

Der Reich vas ge-raisen ein grosser

fleeten mit bargers und troopen-shippen und bin out-starten acrossen der Channel!

Englischer Hurricanes und Spitzen-firen zoomers bin ge-strafen der Nazi fleeten und exploden oilen-drummers mit hotteneaten! Das vater vas up-choppen und pitchen mit wavers und whiten-cappen. Der Nazi troopers bin haben ein grosser seasicken und vas hopen der bargers iss sinken. Der Reich bin up-chucken der chasen!—By *Dave Morrah*.

TATTS THOMAS has gone into the tattooing business in Chicago and is doing a landslide business. He untattoos the names of girls from ex-GIs.—By *Harold Helfer*



"There was a bumble bee and I took a couple swings at it . . ."

Street-car Soliloquy

TO STAND, or not to stand; that is the question.

Should I to lady fair relinquish seat,

Or hide behind my paper and ignore her?

To read; and by that act defy the urge

To deeds of chivalry that man is heir to.

While in my mind I try to justify

My lack of gallantry. To sit; and so escape

A thousand aches and pains one must endure

While standing in a crowded street-car aisle.

To sit; and thereby lose my self-respect.

Ay, there's the rub; for who would bear the jabs

And jostling of the ever shifting crowd,

The agony of being stepped upon,

The frequent loss of equilibrium,

Which sudden change of speed precipitates,

If he could sit in blissful disregard

Of her who stands, and read without compunction?

But conscience makes strap-hangers of us all.

I rise; but lady moves to exit landing,

A man slips in my seat and leaves me standing.

W. B. Buzzelle

Wages of Cinema

THE manager of Super-Colossal Pictures entered the office. "Get out!" he howled at a young man sitting there. "While I'm boss I won't tolerate any loafing here!"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, "but I don't work here. I just came in looking for a position."

"Then you're engaged," growled the manager.

"Oh, thank you," beamed the man.

The manager pointed to the door again. "And now get out!" he roared. "You're fired!"

The young man picked up his hat and turned to the manager. "Do you mind," he politely inquired, "if I ask one question?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Tell me, what kind of a job did I hold before I was fired?"—By *Buster Rothman*.

SAYS FRED ALLEN

IHAVE never seen a pair of slacks that had very much slack in them."



Early gets the worm

Smart gets the car

—and gets it early too—because, while there's more "Prestone" anti-freeze available than at any time since 1941—there's still not quite enough to go round!

WHATEVER you drive—a slick '46, or something older—you'll want to guard against freeze-ups this winter as never before. With "Prestone" anti-freeze, you're *safe*—and you know it. One shot lasts all winter...it doesn't boil away or foam off. And it prevents rust and corrosion too.

It's better to get this positive protection early. For, despite all production

effort, there won't be quite enough "Prestone" anti-freeze this winter for everyone. At the first sign of frost, see your dealer—and drive without worry all winter long.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

Here's why there's still a shortage of America's favorite anti-freeze:



1 "Prestone" anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our plant-expansion program, which was not authorized during the war. Planned for years, it is well advanced; but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.



2 "Prestone" anti-freeze must be produced and packaged long before cold weather. Last spring and summer the food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions, and adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements. So your dealer may be selling "Prestone" anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans.



PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!" ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER

Young Man in White

You may call him an "interne," but in name and in fact he's every inch a doctor.

He has his textbook education . . . his doctor's degree. But, in return for the privilege of working side by side with the masters of his profession, he will spend a year—more likely two—as an active member of a hospital staff.

His hours are long and arduous . . . his duties exacting. But when he finally hangs out his coveted shingle in private practice he will be a doctor with experience!



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

**T for Taste . . .
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...that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



• The makers of Camels take an understandable pride in the results of a nationwide survey among 113,597 doctors by three leading independent research organizations.

When queried about the cigarette they themselves smoked, the brand named most by the doctors was . . . Camel.

Like you, doctors smoke for pleasure. The rich, full flavor and cool mildness of Camels are just as appealing to them as to you.

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